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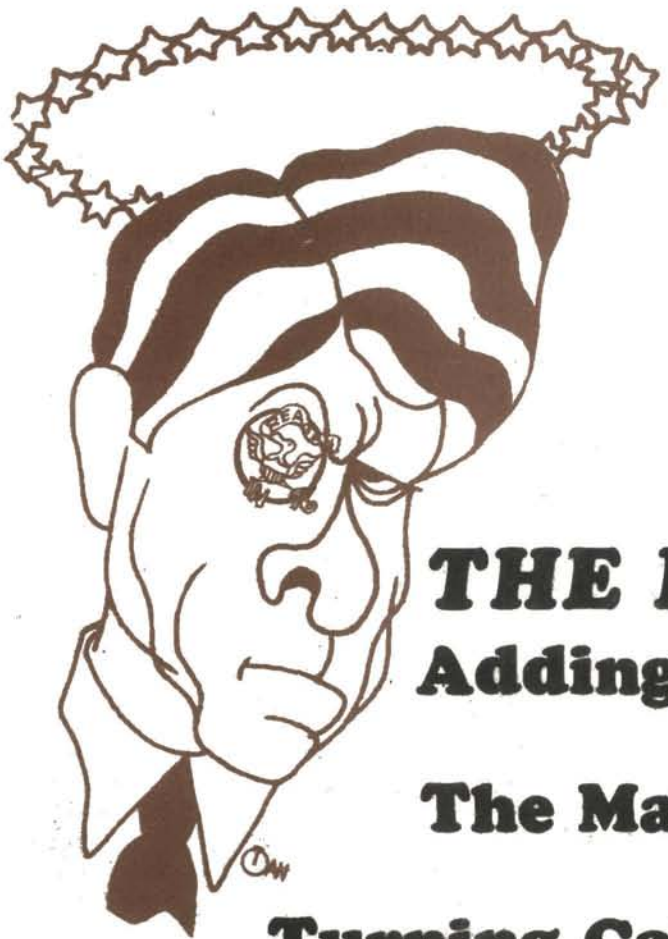

THE REAGAN YEARS

Adding Up the Damage

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The Making of a Zealot

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Turning California Around

Mary Ellen Leary

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LETTERS

mental patients and the U.S. mail

Marion, Ohio

DEAR SIRS: I read with great interest Leon Ginsberg's "Stripped of All Rights: The Mentally Committed," in *The Nation* of May 25.

In 1970 I was committed to the Columbus, Ohio, State Mental Hospital. What should be noted by those in similar straits is that federal government agencies cooperate with state and local officials in these matters. My mail was intercepted by the local U.S. Post Office and shown to the local mental health clinic and those desiring my commitment. I believe that such violations of civil rights are common, especially in cases of those with political activities odious to the majority.

Robert L. Hull

mental health and civil rights

Middletown, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: In "Stripped of All Rights: The Mentally Committed" [*The Nation*, May 25] Leon Ginsberg uses statistical data that are, to say the least, dated. In fact, he provides only vague figures for the number of Americans confined in mental hospitals, state, federal, veterans and others, . . . and these for fifteen years ago.

Although Professor Ginsberg in one short sentence acknowledges that the professional staffs are not demons and ogres, the tenor of his statements makes them just that. The author, a professor of social work with "ten years of research in the field," hangs a picture for us of the typical backward asylum. Which decade did the professor examine, 1910-20 or 1920-30?

There are too many glaring misrepresentations in this article to even begin setting them all straight, short of writing a book. For example, the question of techniques of involuntary commitment; the tying in of legal incompetence and loss of civil rights to involuntary commitment; the legal protection that according to Professor Ginsberg is virtually nonexistent; the professional medical level of dealing with seriously ill persons.

The culmination of irrational unreason is to "abolish all involuntary hospitalization." One must assume that, as a trained professional in social work, Professor Ginsberg has witnessed the condition, physical, emotional and mental, of grave organic *and* "functional" psychotics. Was this condition any less severe than a diabetic coma or an acute renal collapse? And yet he wants these human wrecks to decide which treatment they want. . . . He presents us with some choice tidbits of hyper-sophisticated modes of therapy and on the other side with types of management that were in the great majority of modern institutions discontinued many years ago (insulin, psychosurgery).

I do not know what purpose Professor Ginsberg is serving by presenting the public with a picture that is tendentious, false and deceitful. . . . Is he just riding the coattails of Thomas Szasz? If, like this esteemed colleague, he means to stimulate debate and controversy, he has succeeded very well.

Sal A. Prins, M.D.
Mental Health Director of Training (Ret.)

Morgantown, W. Va.

DEAR SIRS: Although many mental health professionals, such as Dr. Prins, favor the procedures and institutions that currently exist, the reform efforts described in my article were developed by and continue to be supported by civil rights-oriented psychiatrists, social workers, psychologists and other mental health professionals. Those who work closely with mental health programs are often most aware of their injustices. Public interest lawyers and

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EDITORIALS

The Unindicted Co-Conspirator

A case of sorts can be made for President Nixon's decision to visit the Middle East shortly before he takes off for Moscow and another summit. Perhaps his and Kissinger's visit will help shore up the cease-fire and lead to improved U.S.-Israeli-Arab relations. But the timing is imprudent. The President's evident eagerness to be airborne even before the ink was dry on the cease-fire agreements is embarrassing. No doubt, he can count on a friendly reception in the Middle East, but the Russians may not appreciate the spectacular way in which he has underscored their loss of influence and prestige in the region. The wisdom of the trip, at this time, is indeed debatable. What is not debatable is that a prime motive for the President's hasty departure from Washington was his evident desire, at this critical juncture in the impeachment proceedings, to escape mounting political pressures for his removal and if possible brighten his soiled image through the cooperation of the media which he has long maligned and threatened. But will the junkets have the intended political effect?

These journeys, with handshakes and bouquets at the foot of every landing ramp, will probably lift the President's spirits, but their effect on the pending impeachment proceedings may be negligible. For one thing, the President must share the spotlight, at least in the Middle East, with Kissinger. It is Kissinger who adorns the covers of the newsweeklies, whose acts and statements are widely reported in the world press, and who has been hailed as the "star" of the Middle East negotiations. The President may claim to have given "guidance," but the public may not see it that way. Kissinger will, of course, adopt an immodest modest mien, following the President at a discreet distance, but the TV cameras will project two images, not one. Also, there are hazards in both journeys, in the sense that the Geneva negotiations may not proceed on schedule or that the President may encounter stiffened resistance in Moscow. But whatever the diplomatic results, both journeys will keep the President in a glare of publicity unrelated to Watergate, and that is reward enough for him.

Even so, the President travels as an "unindicted co-conspirator" and carries with him the added burden of new Watergate troubles. The guilty plea entered by Charles Colson was, apparently, an unanticipated disaster. Colson could be an important witness against the President; he was there, he knows. His plea must also disturb John Ehrlichman, who no doubt has given some thought to plea-bargaining. The grand jury's decision to name the President as "an unindicted co-conspirator" by a 19-to-0 vote was extremely damaging. The political returns from the June 4th primary in California were anything but reassuring. The continued defiance by the President of subpoenas issued by the special prosecutor and the House Judiciary Committee threatens major confrontations with serious implications. Rep. John J. Rhodes of Arizona, the Republican House leader, is quoted as saying that should the President defy a Su-

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preme Court order to turn over the White House tapes to the special prosecutor he will be impeached.

And the President must still be smarting from the stinging rebuke administered from the bench by Judge Gerhard A. Gesell. Nor could he have been cheered by the final report of the advisory panel on the White House tapes appointed by Judge Sirica, which once again concludes that the erasing and recording operations were done directly and deliberately on the tape. And neither the President's nor Dr. Kissinger's image was brightened by new evidence which indicates that Kissinger was not entirely frank in his testimony about the "national security" wiretaps. Reports multiply of the malaise that afflicts the federal bureaucracy at all levels. "There is no White House," Donald E. Santarelli, director of the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, wearily stated in an interview with the *Philadelphia Inquirer*: "There is no White House any more." The report of the Ervin committee should be released soon and it will not aid those who oppose impeachment. Similar items might be cited. So on balance the President may have good cause to flee Washington, but he is not likely to achieve diplomatic breakthroughs that will diminish pressure for impeachment by the time he returns from Moscow. He will attempt to ride out the impeachment threat regardless of the outcome of these journeys. If his ratings are improved, he will be more determined than ever, but even if the trips have the opposite effect, he will still hang on. Only when he can no longer count thirty-four votes in the Senate will he give serious thought to moving out.

Kissinger's Tirade

No doubt the man has been under a severe strain, suffers from lack of sleep, and—strong though he is—shows signs of physical fatigue. No doubt, also, he was stunned by the behavior of the Washington press corps, which not only failed to accord him a hero's welcome when he returned from the Middle East but even had the temerity to ask a few sharp questions about wiretapping. Clark Mollenhoff, when angry, can be obnoxious; but Mollenhoff is not the American press. The Secretary has a towering ego, but even he could hardly have been disappointed by the general media coverage of his diplomatic feats, however resentful he may have been about some of the questioning. So, even making allowances for the special circumstances, one is forced to conclude that Kissinger's "emotional" outburst at Salzburg was not all that emotional; no doubt he was upset, but his long monologue was shrewd, bold and calculated. There was method in his Salzburg "madness."

Kissinger is perhaps the only top Nixon adviser who has not been connected, in some way, with the Watergate scandals; but he is well aware that some of the luster of this distinction might rub off if speculation about his role in the "national security" wiretaps were to continue. So he decided to stop it now, once and for all—and on his terms. He chose a dramatic moment, albeit in an incongruous setting, to launch a violent counterattack. Unless cleared of all suggestion of wrongdoing, right now, he will resign. What he has done, so to speak, is to hold American foreign policy, for the conduct of which

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he is responsible, ransom to his insistent personal demand. He has issued an ultimatum to the Congress, the press and the American public. For maximum effect he could not have acted at a better time or with greater tactical advantage. And it is a foregone conclusion that Kissinger's demands will be met. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee will review his testimony, in his absence, and pronounce him innocent. Indeed, as might have been expected, the Senate Democratic leadership snapped to attention and saluted sharply.

Gen. George Marshall and Dean Acheson were given much rougher treatment, albeit by Sen. Joseph McCarthy rather than by the press. (Kissinger has in fact enjoyed a long honeymoon with the reporters.) But Marshall and Acheson did not threaten to resign at a critical juncture unless their demands for clearance were met, on the dot. Indeed they made no such demands on any terms. One can be grateful to Sen. George Aiken (R., Vt.) for his shrewd and honest outburst: "The goddamn fool, can't he take it? Why that's part of the business—being criticized. That's why the federal government can't get enough competent employees. They can't stand criticism." Indeed, Kissinger's performance confirms what we had written about his performance as Secretary of State before word of the press conference reached us (see following editorial). One need not assume that Kissinger's "emotional" outburst was designed to help Nixon by denouncing as a "phobia" the general concern about Watergate. But, planned or not, it may have that effect.

And it is for this reason, among others, that a sharp distinction must be made between the savage treatment accorded Marshall and Acheson and the treatment accorded Kissinger. The charges against the former were entirely without merit or substance; the same cannot be said of the questions raised about Kissinger's role in the wiretaps. At the time the taps were ordered Kissinger had not been long in Washington. No doubt he was deeply concerned about "leaks," not merely for the reasons he has cited—which will bear close scrutiny—but because he may well have thought that he was himself a prime suspect. In any case, he expressed his concern to the President, who set up a conference with Mitchell and Hoover at which it was decided to conduct the covert investigation. Kissinger supplied, on request, the names of those having access to the material. He first denied that he had ordered the investigation; later he said that he had not "directly" ordered it. Of course not; he lacked the power to "order" wiretaps. But he did initiate them; he did supply the names; and to that degree he is responsible for them. There can be no doubt that the original request came from Kissinger or his aide, Haig. And, frankly, it is hard to accept Kissinger's statement that he knew nothing about the Plumbers or the new assignment given his assistant David Young. So what is he indignant about? If the matter is as serious as he insists, then it should be thoroughly investigated in open hearings; a mere review by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee will not suffice.

Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the Salzburg tirade is the light it throws on the Secretary's character and personality and, above all, his political values. Not only does he have an inflated ego, but, pardon the expression, there is something Teutonic about his arrogance. He has exhibited, on this and other occasions, some of the traits which the late Theodore Adorno delineated in *The Authoritarian Personality*. If Kissinger is as sensitive to criticism as that, he does not belong in public life. Criticism of public officials, and sharp questioning of them, is routine in democratic societies. In point of fact, the adulation shown Kissinger should embarrass him; he has been the "super-star" of the media almost from the moment he arrived in Washington. If he is not satisfied with the degree of uncritical adulation he has received, he should indeed resign and return to the university lectern. Given his temperament—so dramatically exhibited at Salzburg—one can anticipate further difficulties. Such undisciplined behavior is evidence of immaturity, at a certain level, or of overweening arrogance; it is also unhistorical in the sense that it is out of keeping with the spirit of responsible leadership in a democratic society. The Senate will probably yield to his ransom demands, but that will not erase the sense of uneasiness that his performance will have aroused both here and abroad.

The State of the Department

Flying at close to the speed of sound and setting new endurance records in the annals of diplomacy, Henry Kissinger has achieved Egyptian and Syrian cease-fire agreements and raised the possibility—no more than that—of a future stabilization of relations between Israel and its Arab neighbors.

But, giving all credit to the Secretary of State, what of the State Department? Some commentators argue that modern communications have made jet diplomacy feasible, with negligible drawbacks. Writing on "How Kissinger Runs State by Remote Control" in *The Christian Science Monitor*, Benjamin Welles suggests that electronics has made location immaterial. From whatever runway Dr. Kissinger's plane lifts off, he is linked to Washington via the White House global communications system. When he is on the ground he works through U.S. Embassies and diplomatic mission code rooms. Encoded, a priority message from Damascus to Washington may travel by overland circuits, submarine cable and microwave in less than four minutes. From the State Department's communications center in the White House, it goes to the Pentagon and the CIA at speeds of thousands of words a minute. Welles reports that by teleprinter, which accounts for most of Dr. Kissinger's traffic, during his thirty-four-day absence he sent seventy "flash" messages and received forty-five; he sent 633 immediate priority messages and received 1,075; etc.

That sort of thing makes good journalism in the popular science, "gee-whiz" genre, but politically it makes no sense. Diplomacy by jet and electronics comes at a high cost. It is the stuff of which drama is made and the press naturally loves it, but many people in the State Department and the White House, including some who have worked with Kissinger, complain. Back at the State Department, Richard Dudman of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* writes that praise for Kissinger's *tour de force* in the Middle East is mixed with "concern approaching desperation over the state of the department." It is in something of a mess.

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Kissinger did not create the mess; it goes far back. Since the Presidency of Herbert Hoover, there have been perhaps half a dozen task force reports on the need to reorganize and reform the State Department. Secretary Rogers set up the Macomber group, which in 1970 issued a 600-page program of reform for the department. About 500 changes were proposed. The department continued as before; if anything, it became more chaotic.

Kissinger knew the department's failings and promised to cure them. That commitment, in effect, was a condition of his confirmation as Secretary of State, but while setting himself up as a 1970s' John Foster Dulles—more intelligent but also more peripatetic—Kissinger seems to have forgotten the pledge he made to "institutionalize" foreign policy.

The consequences could be disastrous in some future emergency, which the State Department may create by its own disorganization and managerial disarray. Consider only the foreign service, just one of the divisions that, with more than 12,000 employees in all, make up the department. In our June 15th issue we ran a piece by Barry Rubin itemizing some of the odd characters who represent us in various parts of the world. Aside from the time-honored spoils system, under which a Walter Annenberg—by no means the worst example—can buy himself the ambassadorship to Great Britain with a campaign contribution of $250,000, more than 1,500 CIA personnel are currently carried on the State Department rolls. Some of these people are highly malignant—ex-coup-makers and the like. One reason that Washington seems to have such bad relations with the "outs" in Greece, for example, or in Portugal before the de Spínola switchover, is that we send obsessed rightists to such trouble spots. Surely, even with a crippled Administration, we can come up with more reasonable foreign service officers than irrational "freedom fighters."

But basic reforms of this kind call for more concentrated attention than Kissinger can give his department when most of his colleagues see him only on TV. And an even more disquieting possibility arises. Kissinger's skills as a foreign negotiator are universally recognized, but is he the prima donna type? He has just lost his deputy secretary, Kenneth Rush, who has gone over to the White House as the President's chief economic adviser. Three of the five top posts in State are reported to be vacant. It is a reasonable suspicion that Kissinger wants to do it all himself, that he temperamentally lacks the basic managerial attribute of delegating responsibility. He should allay this suspicion before it is too late.

Mr. Nixon on Human Rights

Politics in a capitalist democracy almost requires that one part of a controversial issue be stated as if it were the whole. The President is an artist in this type of persuasion which, although of ancient lineage, derives its modern form from advertising. One can agree with what he said in his commencement address on June 5 at the U.S. Naval Academy about the importance of détente with the Soviet Union and China and not attempting to intervene directly (i.e., militarily or economically) on behalf of human rights and civil liberties in those states.

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer, *The Nation* will *not* appear on the following dates: July 13, 27, August 10, 24.

The reasons for such abstention are manifold. For one thing, we are not in a position to transform the internal systems of other countries, however much we may disapprove of them. We are powerful, but not that powerful. We cannot force great nations to manage their own affairs as we would like, or to behave in accordance with admirable principles which we invariably preach and sometimes even practice.

Equally to the point, by needling and pressuring we may do a disservice to the very people we are trying to help. Secretary Kissinger believes that American Congressional pressure may be responsible for a decline in May of about 25 per cent in the rate of Jewish emigration. Indeed, if we put ourselves in the place of the Soviet rulers—a heretical but often useful device—we might understand that part of American outrage over the treatment of Russian Jews (both those who wish to emigrate and those who are more Russian than Jewish) simply continues the cold war in another form. The issue of denying most-favored-nation status to the Soviets, and withholding commercial credits until virtually unlimited emigration is permitted, is supported by Sen. Henry Jackson, with seventy-seven other Senators as co-sponsors. It is a popular issue, and incidentally one which may further Senator Jackson's Presidential ambitions. But is it wise? Is it in America's interest?

One may go along with the President when he says that our primary concern in foreign policy must be to help influence the conduct of other nations, but that we cannot use our foreign policy to transform their societies. In no way—and this supplies more than half the force of the argument—are we directly responsible for the state of human rights in the Soviet Union or China. In one sense, little recognized and less regretted, we *are* responsible to some indirect extent, in that we kept these "enemies" under the gun of cold war for a generation, with the incidental effect of aggravating their authoritarianism. Thus, a relaxation of those tensions might improve the outlook for human rights in both countries.

But in his speech Mr. Nixon stressed that, as Americans, we can never "acquiesce in the suppression of human liberties." The young naval officers whom he was primarily addressing may not have devoted much attention to this problem, but does Mr. Nixon think that the generality of Americans are politically deaf, dumb and blind? We *are* largely and directly responsible for the sorry state of human liberties in South Korea, South Vietnam, the Philippines, Greece, Spain (to a degree), some Latin American nations and Portugal (before the upset).

As C.L. Sulzberger points out in his *New York Times* column, Greece is a notable instance. Ex-King Constantine agrees that nobody expects the United States to send the Marines to liberate the Greek people, but we could pound a desk, or even cut off military aid. As it is, we not only maintain close relations with military dictatorships in many parts of the world but our Interna-

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tional Police Academy, housed in Washington, trains, advises and supports the political police, prison systems or other security or intelligence forces of some seventy-seven foreign governments, as well as our own. Sen. James G. Abourezk (D., S.D.) plans to introduce an amendment to the foreign aid bill that would put a stop to this intervention. The money might better be spent training agronomists and health officers. Far from such humane policies, in some cases, as in Brazil, we collaborate with official torturers and sadists.

Mr. Nixon's speech at Annapolis is still another illustration of his fatal propensity for saying what he thinks will gain him an immediate political advantage. He is shrewd to a degree, then he falls into the trap of his own hypocrisy. The part of his speech (largely influenced by Henry Kissinger) with which honest men can agree indicates that he is not a totally unregenerate monster. He does, however, come close to being a totally unregenerate opportunist, and in a President that is bad enough.

THE REAGAN YEARS

Gov. Ronald Reagan, nearing the end of his second term as Governor of California, our largest state, is expected soon, perhaps next month, to say publicly what is scarcely a secret—that he will be a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1976. He is known to be recruiting staff and setting up an organization with this objective in mind. An odd aspect of the Reagan phenomenon is that his record as Governor is not well-known nationally although he is a familiar figure from West to East and North to South. He is, perhaps, the most popular figure with the rank and file of the Republican Party. One reason why his "image" is better known than his record is that he was a popular actor years before he entered politics.

Since he will be a serious contender for the GOP nomination, Reagan's political characteristics deserve to be better grasped nationally. No man can be governor for eight years of a state such as California without making a record that bears directly on his capacity for national leadership. Also neglected has been the Governor's background before he decided to abandon acting in Hollywood in favor of acting in Sacramento. A key to this transition from screen to politics is to be found in the forgotten role he played in the troubled trade union movement in Hollywood in the 1940s.

The articles by Larry Agran and Daniel Biederman which follow are designed to remedy these oversights. Mary Ellen Leary's report on the June 4th primary describes the shape of things in California politics as Reagan's second term draws to a close and he squares away for the Republican nomination two years hence. The June 4th primary would seem to indicate that the experiment in governing that Reagan called "the creative society" is about to end. Houston Flournoy, the GOP nominee for governor, is not a Reagan type. True, the party has nominated a conservative for U.S. Senator, but California conservatism of the Reagan variety has about run its course in the state. On the national scene it is another matter; there Reagan's star has not yet set and "the new conservatism" still survives. Editors

1. Adding Up the Damage

LARRY AGRAN

Los Angeles

Nearly eight years ago, in a midnight inauguration reminiscent of a glittering Hollywood première, Ronald Reagan was sworn in as the thirty-third Governor of California. His election was no fluke. This former actor, former Democrat and post-Joe McCarthy convert to conservatism defeated Gov. Edmund (Pat) Brown, a two-term Democratic incumbent, by the landslide margin of a million votes. The Reagan campaign was backlash politics all the way, a repetitious litany of grievances: too much crime, too much welfare, big government and high taxes.

Larry Agran was legal counsel to the California State Senate Committee on Health and Welfare from 1970 to 1973. He now practices law in California and writes a column for the Los Angeles Times.

The time was right, and it all jelled perfectly. The Republican rightists eagerly took control of California's executive branch, promising to produce a historic governmental turnaround—and fast. Reagan set the tone in his inaugural address. Speaking with the religious conviction that only a convert can muster, the new Governor asserted:

> For many years now, you and I have been shushed like children and told there are no simple answers to the complex problems which are beyond our comprehension. Well, the truth is, there *are* simple answers. . . .

That was January 1967. In the seven and a half years since, the fabric of California government has endured major damage, first as Reagan feverishly sought to effectuate a series of "simple answers," and later as he began to depend upon the more traditional powers available to a California governor. Now, as the end of his two terms approaches, it is evident that, despite the wide-

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spread human and institutional wreckage which will be Ronald Reagan's special legacy to the people of California, he has been unable to alter the fundamental character or direction of state government or to cure the social and economic ills he so loudly deplored before he came into power. Like a mirage, the simple answers which are the staple of right-wing dogmatists, have eluded Reagan. The crime rate in California continues to rise. The welfare caseload has doubled, and welfare costs have tripled since 1967. State taxes and spending are up by 100 per cent. If Reagan did not already know it in 1966 and 1967, when he was a fledgling politician, he surely learned early in his administration that what he promised was not possible. It was a fraud.

By any objective standard, and measured by his own promises, the Governor has been an across-the-board failure. Yet, curiously, Ronald Reagan does not leave office stigmatized by failure. On the contrary, he has managed to survive it all by relying increasingly on what he understands and practices best: media politics and public relations. By these means, Reagan has demonstrated his durability as a political quantity and his attractiveness as a Presidential candidate.

Once in office, the new Governor was itching to do battle, searching for the "simple answers" which he was sure could be found, if not within 100 days then certainly within 100 weeks. After just two months in office, he offered an example of how he intended to deal with the curse of big government. Claiming that the state's mental health program was psychologically sound but fiscally fat, the Governor announced proposals for drastic slashes in the mental health budget, including layoffs by the thousands. It was a fiery baptism for the new Governor. The mental health establishment, both inside and outside state government, refused to be intimidated and fought back effectively. A clever media campaign blared out one devastating message: "Reagan's mental health cuts are crazy!" This provoked the Governor to unseemly name calling. He labeled psychiatrists "headshrinkers" and suggested that state mental health workers were engaged in "sabotage." Finally, clearly beaten, he was compelled to cut his losses and abandon the proposed cutbacks. The Governor's simple answer was no answer at all.

Reagan appeared to have more success when he took on the University of California. In the gubernatorial campaign he had called for retribution against campus dissidents; now he sought to crush the students by attacking symbols. Only three weeks into his first term, he orchestrated the board of regents' firing of Clark Kerr, president of the nine-campus university; several months later, he got the regents to impose tuition, breaking away from California's 100-year-old tradition of free higher education. While the university was clearly damaged by these moves, subsequent events proved them hardly the answers to the campus turmoil so detested by the Republican Right. Two years later, when the 1969 People's Park controversy at Berkeley was at its flash point, with one young man already dead, Reagan had no solutions to offer, and only words of condemnation for campus administrators, whom he called "appeasers." In 1970, when the U.S. invasion of Cambodia triggered nationwide and statewide campus demonstrations, Reagan was again helpless. He had to settle for his own brand of appeasement by shutting down the entire University of California until tempers cooled.

To Reagan's chagrin, the simple answers were no more effective in dealing with violent crime and black rebellion. During the summer of 1967, while ghetto rebellions were sweeping the country, Reagan's chief contribution to race relations was to call for ever more force against these "mad dogs." That same year, he allowed Aaron Mitchell, a black man convicted of murder, to be dragged to the gas chamber while pleading for his life. Mitchell was the next-to-last man to be executed in the United States. His last chance to live was lost at the Governor's clemency hearing, just two days before his scheduled execution. Claiming he was "not a lawyer," Reagan didn't bother to take part in the hearing; he was in Los Angeles instead—attending the Academy Awards dinner.

For all its bombast and cruelty, the Reagan hard-line lust for guns and cyanide gas has proved a miserable failure in abating crime in California. During his law-and-order regime the state's citizens have been victimized by the most sensational string of riots, bombings, kidnappings, mass murders and racially motivated killings to have occurred anywhere in the United States.

About midway in his first term, Reagan became sufficiently sensitive about the gap between promise and performance to shed some of his combative zeal and to rely more on the vast institutional power he holds as Governor. With this change of emphasis, Reagan the amateur began to evolve into a more effective and more destructive reactionary politician.

The transition was best illustrated by his growing appreciation of the enormous budgetary authority held by the governor of California. Under the state's constitution the governor is vested with the power to edit legislative appropriations—to reduce or even eliminate the money without vetoing the substance of a bill. This sweeping authority is tailor-made for Reagan's niggardly social philosophy. For example, when in 1969 the legislature passed a $5 million school lunch bill, the Governor simply crossed out the amount appropriated and wrote in his own paltry figure of $500,000—a 90 per cent cut. It was a wicked blow to the hundreds of thousands of California schoolchildren known to be malnourished. And Reagan did it without having to veto the bill outright.

On the larger fiscal questions of state aid to local schools and state support of the University of California, once he finally understood the reach of his power, Reagan seemed to delight in plotting an annual budgetary ambush of these educational institutions. He steadily cut back on the percentage of state aid to local school districts, forcing higher property taxes on local communities to make up the difference. At the same time, he instituted cutbacks at the University of California which were so severe that conservative-minded Charles Hitch, the Governor's own choice to replace Clark Kerr, openly protested the damage being done. Ironically, it was only the onset of a national depression in higher education that enabled the

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University of California to halt the flight of faculty members and sustain a position of relative prestige despite inadequate state financing.

Apart from his institutional authority over budgetary matters, Reagan has exercised his veto power to kill more than 600 bills in seven years. Some vetoes have taken on the appearance of annual rituals, such as his three-time rejection of legislation to bring farm workers at last under the umbrella of the unemployment insurance laws.

There are other powers, too. When Reagan campaigned for governor in 1966, he promised that, if elected, he would appoint only "qualified" officials to state posts. Apparently, he made that pledge before he fully appreciated that a legitimate search for qualified appointees would have a centrist pull on what he clearly intended to be a rightist administration. The few moderates who were among Reagan's early appointees were weeded out soon enough, and by 1969 state agencies were packed with a miserable collection of Reaganesque Republicans, many of them novices and incompetents who held their positions by virtue of having passed a threefold loyalty test: loyalty to the Governor, loyalty to the party and loyalty to corporate interests. The results have been disastrous, even tragic.

In July 1971, seventeen workmen died in the Sylmar Tunnel explosion in Southern California. A legislative investigation disclosed that higher-ups in the state's Division of Industrial Safety had made it clear to field inspectors that they were to go easy on contractors and not issue shutdown orders even when confronted by life-threatening working conditions. In the midst of the inquiry, Reagan was forced to discharge his management-oriented chief of industrial safety. Multiple civil suits and criminal convictions have followed. But none of that can change the fact that seventeen workers at the Sylmar Tunnel, together with scores of others who have died in an epidemic of smaller industrial disasters, were denied the kind of tough state protection they had reason to expect. The men in charge were Reagan's flunkies.

Nowhere has the Governor's power of appointment produced more pocketbook damage than in the state's Public Utilities Commission. The PUC, a turn-of-the-century product of Republican Gov. Hiram Johnson, had managed to keep the private utilities on a fairly short leash over the years. During the Brown administration, it attracted a highly skilled staff that provided the commissioners with the arguments and the data to face down the utilities in their repeated requests for multimillion-dollar rate increases. During the Brown years utility rates were actually cut, giving the California PUC a justly deserved reputation for being the toughest consumer-oriented regulatory agency in the country.

All that abruptly ended when Reagan attained a majority on the five-member commission. Suddenly the lid was off and the PUC began a love affair with the private utilities, complete with after-hours rendezvous between commissioners and utility company executives. The corporate gold rush began, with telephone, gas and electric companies lining up for rubber-stamp approval of hundreds of millions of dollars in rate increases. When the commission's own staff prepared carefully documented reports to demonstrate that the requested hikes were far in excess of what company costs could justify, the commissioners simply disregarded them. Later, the increasingly embarrassed commissioners declared war against their own staff, trying to institute a bizarre staff rotation scheme that was obviously designed to disperse and destroy professional excellence.

Rate increases approved by Reagan's PUC are already costing California consumers more than $2 billion a year in inflated utility charges, with the worst still to come. Reagan has been silent on the entire matter, and the inference is plain: the Governor has just the kind of Public Utilities Commission he wanted.

He wasn't as lucky with the State Supreme Court. In 1970, when he finally got his chance to appoint a new Chief Justice to the liberal court, Reagan selected Donald R. Wright, a little-known appellate court judge who everyone assumed would bring a conservative law-and-order mentality to the high court. It hasn't worked out that way. From the start, Wright has been an independent-minded, activist Chief Justice. To Reagan's muted disgust, he has shown himself resolved to maintain the pioneering reputation of the State Supreme Court. In 1971, in the celebrated case of *Serrano* v. *Priest,* the court held in effect that California's system of financing public school education from local property taxes discriminates against the poor and violates the equal protection provisions of the California constitution.

Then, in a 1972 decision written by Chief Justice Wright, the court held the death penalty to be "cruel or unusual" punishment under the state's constitution. Hearing of this landmark decision, one gleeful lawmaker commented, "Donald Wright is Ronald Reagan's Earl Warren."

In addition to the power of appointment, there are other less formal but nonetheless important traditional powers at the command of a governor. One is the power to ignore; another is the power of Presidential access. In the area of racial justice, Ronald Reagan has exercised the power to ignore with telling effect. He opposes affirmative action hiring policies, and his key appointees, almost all of them men, look as though they had first been screened by a white citizens' council.

In a related display of indifference toward blacks, when he heard that Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Alfred Gitelson had found the far-flung Los Angeles school system to be racially segregated and had issued an order that the school district adopt an acceptable integration plan, Reagan dismissed the order as "ridiculous." He has shown a similar lack of enthusiasm for the financial implications of *Serrano* v. *Priest.* The best estimates indicate that the decision will require the infusion of perhaps half a billion dollars a year in new state funds to close the educational opportunity gap between the rich and the poor, the whites and the nonwhites. The *Serrano* decision is a budget-bending fiscal problem which the Governor has refused to acknowledge, preferring to stall the matter until the end of his term and saddle his successor with the responsibility of raising taxes to make equal educational opportunity a reality in California.

When Richard Nixon was elected President in 1968,

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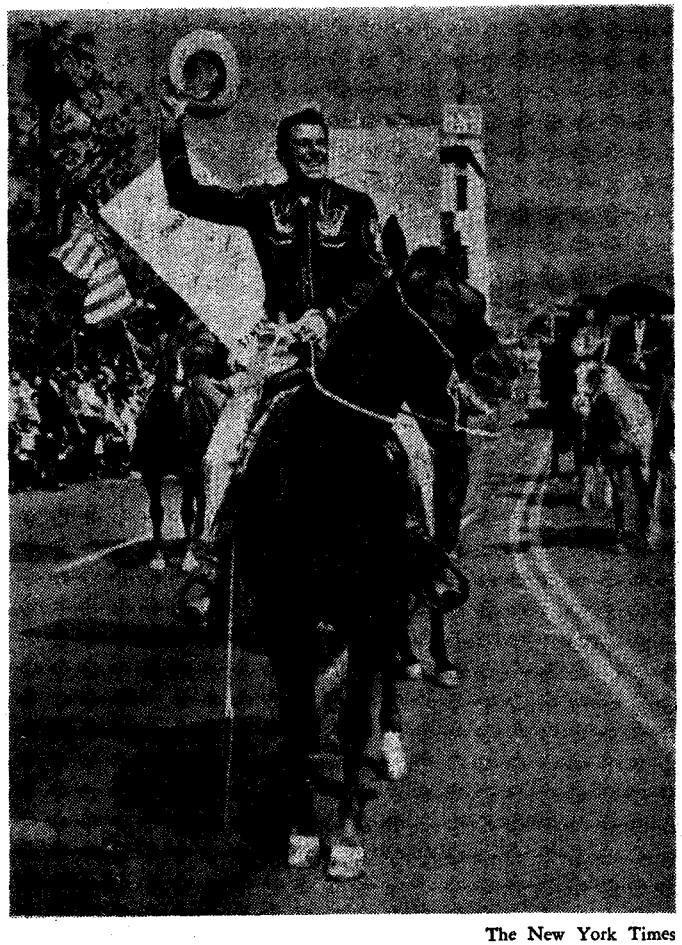
Reagan secured the benefit of Presidential access. For most of his time in the White House, Nixon has been justifiably wary of Ronald Reagan. It was Reagan who, had he acted more quickly, could have blocked Nixon's nomination in 1968. And it was Reagan who, as the most influential spokesman for the Republican Right, had the ability to complicate Nixon's 1972 re-election prospects. Such considerations explain Nixon's extreme attentiveness to Reagan in 1971.



The New York Times

After four years of being on the losing end of hundreds of millions of dollars in lawsuits filed by the OEO Legal Services in California, an outraged Reagan vetoed the re-funding of the best-known and most highly acclaimed of these organizations, California Rural Legal Assistance. When doing so, he made some baseless charges that couldn't possibly stick. The final decision on whether or not to override the veto rested with Nixon. In a shrewd move which saved face for Reagan, the President re-funded CRLA, but only for six months pending a "study" of the Governor's charges. By his action, Nixon managed to make it appear that there might be some substance to the Governor's shabby allegations. Reagan was grateful.

Later in 1971 Reagan sought "waivers" from the federal Department of Health, Education and Welfare to experiment with a number of illegal welfare policies—most notably a half-baked proposal to compel adult welfare recipients to "work for their grants" by doing such things as picking up roadside garbage. On Nixon's orders, HEW dutifully gave its approval.

When Nixon imposed wage-price controls in the summer of 1971, he also announced that he was postponing the push for HR 1, his welfare reform package which incorporated the principle of economic aid for the working poor. This was a major concession to Reagan, who had conducted an effective two-year campaign against the measure. In turn, Reagan, the devotee of unbridled capitalism, endorsed Nixon's wage-price controls. And when the President announced his trip to China, Reagan gave it his blessing. He also O.K.'d the Russian-American SALT agreement and détente.

And what of the Nixon-Reagan post-Watergate relationship? It is now a matter of mutual dependence. Reagan carefully but consistently supports the tainted President, knowing that his own Presidential prospects are directly tied to Nixon's political survival. And, in the White House jargon, Nixon must continue to "stroke" the Governor, since he can't possibly survive if major Republican rightists defect.

Reagan is no weakling. He is a decisive man who covets power and enjoys wielding it. But the powers he exercises—his budget, veto and appointment powers, his power to ignore major issues, his power of Presidential access—are all inherent in the institution of the governorship. They are essentially unilateral powers requiring no one's concurrence, and the moment he leaves office, they no longer belong to Ronald Reagan. If Reagan were to build an enduring model of rightist policy, it would have to be written into legislation that would live well beyond his years in office. It never happened. In fact, no California governor in recent history has done so poorly with the legislature.

The fault is the Governor's alone. From the beginning he neither understood nor respected the legislative process. His belligerent denunciations of the state's lawmakers masked an abiding sense of insecurity, a deep suspicion that these political "professionals" in both parties were forever plotting to make him look silly. As a result, Reagan has devoted scant attention to developing and promoting a legislative program. Over the years, the proposals that he did submit were frequently introduced late and were often so poorly drawn as to invite ridicule. And once the press releases had gone out, the Governor rarely involved himself in the daily lobbying essential to winning passage of a major program. Even in 1969 and 1970, when the Republicans controlled both houses of the legislature, Reagan scored no significant victories. He didn't even manage to secure a beefed-up law-enforcement program in those days of pre-Watergate law-and-order hysteria.

Reagan's first sustained legislative venture did not come until the beginning of his second term in 1971. The issue was welfare, and the Governor was forced by circumstances to produce something he could call "welfare reform." During his first four years in office, the state caseload of welfare families had increased to 1.5 million people, up more than 100 per cent. The costs had tripled. And, because of a statutory framework established many years ago, skyrocketing welfare costs were immune to gubernatorial budget cuts. Fearing that he might be tarred by the whole mess, Reagan devoted his re-election cam-

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paign to whipping up the ugliest kind of anti-welfare sentiment, capping it with a lurid pledge to put a halt to "this cancer eating at our vitals."

Once returned to office, Reagan was obliged to immerse himself in the legislative welfare war of 1971. He personally took part in long and bitter negotiations between legislative representatives and his own administration officials which finally led to the controversial Welfare Reform Act of 1971. Almost immediately after its enactment, those close to the matter realized that the Governor had been taken to the cleaners. Welfare law is extremely complicated, and the legislative incompetence of the Governor's staff, along with a series of skillful lawsuits by Reagan's nemesis, the federally funded legal services attorneys, led to startling results. The Welfare Reform Act, by which Reagan hoped to deliver one of the "simple answers" that had loomed so large in 1967, was a fiscal fiasco. Instead of the huge savings that the Governor predicted, the Act generated about $100 million in new welfare costs in its first full year of operation. And the situation was destined to get much worse as new cost-of-living escalator clauses came into play.

To counter these embarrassing realities, Reagan ordered a two-pronged attack. First, he authorized his welfare director, Robert Carleson, to adopt a fistful of patently illegal welfare regulations, including a barbaric order cutting grants to pregnant women by as much as 35 per cent. Carleson's bizarre rationale was that a pregnant woman's womb provided free food and shelter for the unborn child, thus reducing the family's overall budgetary needs. Carleson later added a second argument: that the grant cuts would deter illegitimacy. Like so many other retaliatory regulations, this one was ultimately struck down by the courts. But meanwhile, thousands of poor families were brutalized by Reagan's bureaucratic thugs.

The second prong of Reagan's welfare counterattack was to blanket the state with a public relations campaign, an almost daily barrage of phony declarations of victory. The whole campaign was built on one flimsy fact. In California, as in other industrial states, the welfare caseload began to level off and actually to decline slightly as the nation recovered from the 1970-71 recession. Reagan seized upon the favorable caseload statistics, insisting that it was all his doing. He went on to claim that the welfare rolls would have swelled by almost geometric proportions had it not been for *his* reform program. Then, introducing an Alice-in-Wonderland accounting system, he claimed that, since the mythical caseload increases had not materialized, he had "saved" the taxpayers upward of a billion dollars.

When Reagan began to spread this propaganda campaign across the nation, governors in other states sent welfare officials to study the California "miracle." Those who analyzed the facts took home a brief message: the $1 billion in welfare "savings" was a hoax, but the $100 million in new welfare costs was real.

During Reagan's tenure, the ever mounting welfare budget has been accompanied by huge new costs to underwrite the state's program of medical assistance to the poor, called Medi-Cal. In addition, even with his "cut, squeeze and trim" economy measures, the Governor has had to yield to unrelenting pressure for more state money for environmental programs, for higher salaries for state workers, for state and local school aid, and even for aid to the arts. What was a $4.6 billion state budget in 1966-67 is now a $10 billion budget. And Reagan has had to ask for three tax increases to pay for it all. While corporations are still lightly taxed, the sales tax has been jacked up from 4 to 6 per cent and the revenue from income tax is now almost four times what it was when he was first sworn in. Reagan, an expert in the art of scapegoating, used to pin the blame for higher taxes on his predecessor, Pat Brown. At one point he charged Brown with "looting" the state's treasury. In recent years he has used the legislature as his scapegoat, tagging them as the "spenders" who cause higher taxes.

To shelter himself further from taxpayer disillusion and to build his Presidential campaign, Reagan spawned the ill-fated Proposition 1, a complicated scheme to squelch forever the size of state government by constitutionally limiting its taxing and spending authority. Convinced that they couldn't possibly lose, his public relations operatives organized an initiative drive to gather more than half a million signatures to qualify the measure for a statewide special election in November 1973. Once the measure was on the ballot, they geared up for what they expected would be an overwhelming victory, one that could and would be duplicated in other states as Reagan campaigned for the Presidency through 1976.

But the strategy went sour. Led by Democratic Assembly Speaker, Bob Moretti, the campaign against Proposition 1 began to take hold. On Election Day, when people tried to read through the incomprehensible 5,000-word proposal, the scheme collapsed of its own weight and was defeated by a 54 per cent vote.

Proposition 1 was Ronald Reagan's most ambitious attempt to graft rightist ideology onto California's governmental structure. Like his previous efforts, it failed, but despite this final defeat, Reagan will finish his eight years in office surrounded by an aura of success that is the achievement of the most sophisticated public relations machine in the history of American politics.

There is a lot of truth to the suggestion that public relations is not simply an important part of the Reagan administration; it *is* the Reagan administration. When Reagan arrived in Sacramento, he devoted great attention to building a team of public relations experts who could blend the techniques of Hollywood and Madison Avenue. Their task, ably performed, has been to make the Governor look good, no matter how dismal his performance in reshaping the structure of state government. To do this, they developed a host of techniques for getting out the story as they wanted it told. They established their own news service. They instituted a "dial-a-Governor" telephone system, allowing reporters to tune into the Governor's latest public utterances. They churned out impressive looking publications, including nationally distributed documents like *Showing the Way*, a self-serving 201-page salute to Governor Reagan's welfare reform genius, complete with all the statistical gimmickry necessary to make the fraudulent claims seem plausible. In addition, even more than governors before him, Reagan creates the news with a steady flow of press releases. The idea is to main-

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tain such a breakneck pace of gubernatorial news making that reporters have neither the time nor the inclination to verify or otherwise investigate what the Governor passes off as news.

That kind of public relations operation requires lots of people and plenty of money. The Governor's immediate staff has grown steadily to the point where it now consumes a $3 million budget, two and a half times what Governor Brown needed. That is a curious development for a man committed to cutting the size and cost of government, but it has been worth whatever criticism it might engender. One Democratic Senator, exasperated by the legislature's inability to compete with Reagan's public relations army, observed: "He makes us look like shit. We ought to just hire our own PR firm and go home."

The major credit for this PR success must be given to the Governor himself. Reagan may have been a second-echelon Hollywood actor, but compared to the vast majority of politicians he is a virtuoso of media manipulation. He knows the technology and the techniques, especially of television, and he employs his knowledge skillfully. He holds frequent press conferences, at which he appears cool, competent and above all sincere. While the Governor's interests are narrow—he ignores whole areas of government—he is not dumb. What he cares about he learns well. And he is a hard-working, full-time governor.

To be sure, Reagan's instinct for public relations has not been infallible. On several occasions he has displayed his weakness for rhetorical overkill. In the midst of a controversy over the fate of California's redwood forests, he mocked the environmentalists with the wisecrack: "When you've seen one tree you've seen them all." Answering a question about campus disorders during the spring of 1970, Reagan lashed out: "If it takes a blood bath, let's get it over with. No more appeasement." When the Hearst family gave away $2 million in food in the hope that it would bring the safe return of their kidnapped daughter, a disgusted Reagan suggested that what was needed was an outbreak of botulism among the poor people who accepted the food.

There have been other problems. At a 1971 press conference, a surprised and stammering Reagan had to admit that he paid no state income taxes in 1970. And his subsequent attempts to extricate himself from that embarrassment suggested that there may have been other years when the millionaire Governor, salaried at $49,000 a year, paid little or nothing in the way of taxes. In recent months, Reagan has had a new problem—he seems to be stuck with his own Spiro Agnew. Lieut. Gov. Edward Reinecke, Reagan's hand-picked choice for the job, is now under indictment for perjury in the ITT case.

Reagan has been hurt by all these things, but not nearly as much as might be expected. For the most part, the continued production of positive PR imagery has effectively covered the blemishes, at least for the time being.

Ronald Reagan refers to himself as a "citizen politician." This characterization is important to him because

The New York Times

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of his abiding conviction that politics is a dirty business and that professional politicians are dirty little people. From the beginning, the Governor has been ill at ease with legislators, Republicans as well as Democrats. He confers with these "professional politicians" only when it is unavoidable. When they do meet, he keeps his distance and prefers not to stray from business. If some momentary chitchat is called for, he usually reaches into the past for an amusing anecdote from his movie days. Reagan's disdain for legislators even spills over into his social conduct. State Senate Democratic leader George Moscone described it this way: "When Pat Brown or Earl Warren or Goodie Knight were governor they'd come down to our dinner every year, and we'd get stoned and shoot craps all night and we'd work things out. Not Reagan—he comes and takes one drink and leaves." After almost eight years as Governor of California, Reagan has no close friends among the state's 120 lawmakers.

The influence he has retained over Republican legislators stems primarily from his tight control of the party's financial resources. But as his administration enters its acute lame-duck stage, Reagan's grip on the party is loosening. Backward though it is, the California Republican Party is no longer the exclusive property of the rightists. Progressive Republicans, an endangered species during the 1960s, are making a comeback. A sign of this is that State Controller Houston Flournoy, an attractive moderate, is the Republican nominee for governor.

While Reagan must regret the re-emergence of liberal Republicans, he has stayed his hand, turning his energies instead to the larger matter of Presidential politics. His national campaign is already solidly under way. Money will be no problem; it never has been. In 1966, Reagan spent $4 million on his gubernatorial campaign, most of it contributed by millionaires. The same coterie of Southern California millionaires, led by auto dealer Holmes Tuttle and oilman Henry Salvatori, are signed on to help bankroll the start-up costs of a Presidential campaign.

The public relations apparatus which has served Reagan so well in California has long since retooled for the national drive. Throughout the Rocky Mountain states, the Midwest, the South and the Southeast, Reagan's press is consistently good. He is in heavy demand as a GOP dinner speaker, commanding as much as $25,000 for a single appearance. He delivers a speech well, rarely disappointing an audience of party stalwarts. And, interestingly enough, he preaches a sermon in which he assures his enthusiastic listeners that there are simple answers to the complex problems which ensnare us. They love every word of it. The fact that back in California there are politicians—many of them respected leaders of his own party—who know better, doesn't bother Reagan. He figures they won't be the Republicans who nominate a President in 1976. □

2. The Making of a Zealot

DANIEL J. BIEDERMAN

Ronald Reagan, likable leading man and self-made millionaire, sports enthusiast and successful horse breeder, six-term president of the Screen Actors Guild (SAG), two-term Governor of California and a spokesman for the new conservatism, is already running for first place in the Republican Presidential sweepstakes of 1976. In the wake of Watergate, Reagan's backers hope that his image of a crusading "citizen-politician" and his proven vote-getting ability will save him from being swept aside by a wave of voter protest against the political leaders with whom he has been most closely linked. His supporters are also certain to stress that eight years in Sacramento's Statehouse have equipped him with administrative know-how. But the combative cold-war credo that Reagan has consistently preached does not qualify him to be the next occupant of the Oval Office. The dominant emotion conveyed by Reagan's revealing autobiography—published in 1965 but now withdrawn from publication—is fear, especially fear of communism. (Ronald Reagan and Richard G. Hubler: *Where's the Rest of Me?* Unless otherwise indicated, all quotes are from this source.)

Daniel Biederman, a doctoral student in film history, with Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., is completing for publication by the Viking Press, Pickets in Paradise: The Conference of Studio Unions and the Hollywood Strike.

Reagan retains his screen image of bashful, boyish innocence (at 63, he still flashes a coy, half-shy grin to show sincerity as he avoids answering embarrassing questions) and rugged masculinity (his face remains leathery and sun-tanned, his hair is jet black, and he keeps his trim, horseman's figure). These are obvious political assets, but the Governor's press agents will have to work hard to steer attention away from his extreme right-wing ideology and make him acceptable to the middle-of-the-road following a national candidate must attract. And there is always the danger that Reagan will counteract the effectiveness of his well-rehearsed speeches by ad-libbing a shocker (his botulism wisecrack is a recent example).

The relevance of Reagan's record as president of the SAG to the governorship he was then seeking was the subject in 1966 of a telephone interview with him broadcast by West Coast radio commentator Joe Pyne. Reagan reminded fellow Californians of his leading role in the state's anti-Communist crusades of the 1940s. He was especially proud of his part in crushing the 1945-48 Hollywood strike conducted by the Conference of Studio Unions (CSU) against its jurisdictional rival, the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees (I.A.)—which became the sole source of skilled labor for Hollywood's studios after the CSU lost its strike. Speaking in a calm, deliberate tone of voice, Reagan told the radio audience why he opposed the AFL locals belong-

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ing to the youthful, progressive, democratically run CSU, and sided with the old-line, conservative and autocratic I.A., an AFL union run by Chicago racketeers from 1934 to 1942. The following quote is from a tape recording of the broadcast given me by California's former Attorney General, Judge Robert W. Kenny. For additional information on the turbulent history of the I.A., see Herbert Aller's *The Extortionists*, one of the few book-length studies of the I.A.

> My terms in office with the Guild were kind of when the feathers hit the fan. My first term as President was when the Conference of Studio Unions, a sort of rump labor organization headed by Herb Sorrell, brought almost a close to the entire [motion picture] industry. This has since been documented as the attempt by the Communist Party to gain economic control of the industry and the Screen Actors Guild was the key force that kept the studios open . . . and we succeeded and in that particular battle we soundly defeated the Communist attempt at a takeover and brought peace to the industry.

The Hollywood strike also dominates a quarter of Reagan's inaccurate, rambling and melodramatic autobiography. It was the watershed in Reagan's personal and professional life: after he became obsessed with combatting the CSU, his screen career declined, his marriage to Jane Wyman broke up, his relations with fellow performers became embittered, and his "hemophilic liberalism" was replaced by fanatical anti-communism. Reagan's transformation needs to be seen against the background of Hollywood's labor war, which polarized local and national politics.

In October 1945 the CSU's wartime walkout reached a climax when Warner Brothers displayed its renowned "good citizenship" and reputation for making "liberal" message pictures by having the studio fire and police departments train high-pressure water hoses and lob tear gas grenades at thousands of film workers, while Warner Brothers executives hurled nuts and bolts at them from the tops of studio roofs. A month later, a "law-and-order" committee of the California legislature set itself the task of discrediting the CSU, and incidentally rebuking the University of California (Los Angeles) administration for failing to prohibit students from marching on the Warner Brothers picket line and for permitting a Communist presence on campus. Serving as secretary to the committee was Murray M. Chotiner, who later managed Richard M. Nixon's several political campaigns in California. The highlight of the hearings, and a harbinger of procedures to be adopted by the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAC), came when the liberal Democrat, state Assemblyman and actor Albert Dekker was accused of corrupting the minds of California's youth and ejected from the UCLA hearing room.

An inevitable consequence of the strike was an investigation in 1946 by state Sen. Jack Tenney's "little Dies" committee—a HUAC offspring whose star chamber tactics outshone those of its parent. Tenney's committee invented a Communist conspiracy in order to expose it. Overlooking the fact that the Communists opposed the 1945 walkout because it violated labor's wartime no-strike pledge, it issued a crimson-covered report which concluded that the Hollywood strike was provoked and directed by Communists. These distorted findings are what Reagan relied upon to prove that the "influence of the Communists on the 1945-47 strike" was "irrefutably documented." Senator Tenney's own career hit bottom when he later became the running mate on a Presidential ticket headed by the anti-Semitic Gerald L.K. Smith.

Tenney's probe stirred up more labor strife than it squelched. It brought little peace to the Los Angeles community, which was disrupted and divided by the largest number of mass arrests and mass trials in American labor history. Hundreds of film strikers were arrested daily in late 1946 and early 1947 by Los Angeles police who were often on studio payrolls (MGM bought up the entire Culver City police force). Their trials, in groups of forty and fifty and held in municipal auditoriums, clogged the courts for many months—a legal ballyhoo that was aptly described by *Life* magazine as "Justice, Hollywood Style."

By the spring of 1947, the clamor raised by the strike had spread beyond California. Los Angeles newspapers reported that Rep. Fred Hartley's labor committee would appoint its freshman California Congressman, Richard M. Nixon, as a one-man subcommittee to conduct an on-the-spot investigation of the studio strike. But Father George F. Dunne, a Jesuit priest and labor relations expert at Loyola University, persuaded Representative Hartley to limit his inquiry to the labor aspects of the strike and leave the issue of communism to HUAC investigators. Hartley finally appointed an obscure, conservative Congressman, Carroll D. Kearns (R., Penn.), who was unaffiliated with HUAC and unacquainted with politics in California.

The Kearns committee hearings in August and September of 1947 were broadcast by Los Angeles radio, and hundreds of Californians crowded into the hearing room to hear the testimony of film executives, labor officials, back-lot workers and SAG officials Ronald Reagan, George Murphy and Edward Arnold. Kearns discovered "secret" minutes detailing meetings at which the heads of Hollywood's leading film companies conspired with top I.A. officials to provoke the so-called CSU strike of September 1946. It was then that some 8,000 members of the CSU were "locked out" of their jobs at the nine major studios. The I.A. had promised these studios a steady supply of replacement workers several weeks *before* this event. Kearns's efforts to secure the survival of the CSU through mediation collapsed. He then reconvened his committee's hearings in Washington in early 1948 and issued an interim report based upon the 1,000-page transcript of the proceedings in Los Angeles in which the continuing dispute in Hollywood was described as a "lockout" brought about by the producers' collusion with the I.A.

The Kearns hearings were badly misinterpreted by the liberal and leftist press. They were analyzed as a "Noisy Drone Among the B's" by the liberal *New Republic*, and Herb Sorrell, the former painter of studio sets who headed the CSU, was denounced in the *People's World* as a tool of "labor-haters," "racketeers" and "redbaiters" because he opposed Communist attempts to control the

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CSU, chose to cooperate with a committee of the "right-wing" Taft-Hartley Congress, and refused to be cast in the role of martyr.

A predictably hostile response to Kearns's investigation came from Roy M. Brewer—the single-minded, thick-skinned, top I.A. official in Hollywood who was the source of many of Reagan's opinions about the Hollywood strike. A hysterical anti-Communist and reckless opportunist, he employed the smear technique without restraint against opponents of varying political views. Brewer labeled the Hollywood headquarters of the I.A. costumers' union the "Hollywood Kremlin," because the local's liberal, non-Communist business agent, Ted Ellsworth, opposed the union-busting policy of the I.A. bosses. He also loudly accused Ellsworth of following the Communist line when he testified under the cloak of Congressional immunity before the Kearns committee. Several years later Brewer asked Ellsworth to be the administrator of the Motion Picture Health and Welfare Fund and told an incredulous Ellsworth "that he knew that personally I wasn't a Communist." Brewer attempted to rationalize his behavior by adding, "I never believed all that crap" but "you associated with people I didn't like." (From a taped interview with Ted R. Ellsworth, September 7, 1971.) Mr. Ellsworth is today on the staff of the Institute of Industrial Relations at UCLA.

Brewer's opposition to Kearns's peacemaking efforts was never made public, but was revealed in a verbose letter which he wrote to Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. a week before the 1952 Presidential election. Schlesinger was working at the time in behalf of Gov. Adlai Stevenson's bid for the Presidency, and the letter's ostensible purpose was to warn Schlesinger of the negative influence that left-wing forces were exerting upon Stevenson's campaign in California. But Brewer's preoccupation with the Hollywood strike prompted him to digress about it for the majority of the letter.

Brewer falsely accused Representative Kearns of being convinced *before* his Hollywood inquiry that the I.A. was to blame for filmdom's labor strike and that its left-wing opponents were in the right. He also expressed outrage over the coercion which Kearns supposedly employed to help the CSU regain its previous position in the film industry. He criticized Richard Nixon for allegedly failing to honor commitments he had made to Brewer during several conversations in Washington. (The record shows that Nixon was sympathetic to Brewer's point of view, but unable to assist him because he was preoccupied with prosecuting the Alger Hiss case.)

It is a measure of Reagan that he believed Brewer's bizarre analysis of the Communist danger, praised him as "one labor leader who talked as much about labor's responsibility as he did about its privilege," and rewarded him with a position in California's government as a "management"—*not labor*—"analyst." Because Reagan was sincerely mesmerized by the Communist issue, his opinions about the CSU were more outlandish than those put forth by Brewer and HUAC. Fantastic allegations in his autobiography are unsubstantiated and phrased in a prose style reminiscent of semi-documentary movie spy thrillers. One can almost hear Reagan's words being spoken in the portentous tones made famous by off-screen narrator, Reed Hadley, in *The House on 92nd Street*: "The direct link to the International Communist Organization was evident when it became known that the Commander-in-Chief of Operation Hollywood for the Communists was Gerhardt Eisler. Eisler, who at one time took personal charge of the Hollywood strike maneuvers, was afterward proved to be the top Communist Agent in the United States."

Reagan's rightward course after 1946 can be charted by his association with the conservative clique of suave actors who dominated the decision-making process of the SAG and worked for the only staunchly Republican movie mogul—Louis B. Mayer. Accompanied by a battery of MGM stars—Walter Pidgeon, Robert Taylor, SAG President Robert Montgomery and past SAG Presidents George Murphy and Edward Arnold—Reagan went to the 1946 AFL convention in Chicago and tried to pressure that body into resolving the strike. At the 1947 HUAC hearings, Reagan, Montgomery and Murphy were "friendly witnesses." Murphy was especially instrumental in converting Reagan to conservatism. He played Reagan's father in the latter's last Hollywood film prior to the strike *(This Is the Army)* and off-camera exercised a parental influence upon him. Murphy also tolerated being the target of Reagan's tendency to label persons as good guys and bad guys: "I owe a great deal to . . . George Murphy . . . who had to deal with me in my early white-eyed liberal daze. There were some of my associates, I'm sure, who believed I was red as Moscow, but Murph never wavered in his defense of me, even though I ranted and railed at him as an arch-reactionary (which he isn't)."

After his efforts in Chicago failed to settle the strike, Reagan became increasingly shrill on the subject of communism. The easygoing, self-assured image that he projects in films and today in politics is not evident in photographs taken during the strike. His stock grin was replaced by grim, tense facial expressions; his lanky frame looked too lean to be healthy. Reagan was under great mental and physical strain from his exhausting, around-the-clock obsession with Hollywood's labor war. His screen career "seemed to be a sideline"; his marriage broke up ("I returned home from the Washington hearing to be told I was leaving. I suppose there had been warning signs, if only I hadn't been so busy"); a bout with pneumonia almost killed him; and "the grapevine informed" him that his face could be disfigured by an acid attack. Reagan's reaction to that rumor revealed his dangerous insecurity:

> I was fitted with a shoulder holster and a loaded .32 Smith and Wesson. . . . I mounted the holstered gun religiously every morning and took it off the last thing at night. I learned how much a person gets to lean on hardware like that. After months of wearing, it took a real effort of will to discard it. I kept thinking: "The very night you take it off may be the night when you need it the most."
>
> One rainy Sunday afternoon, I answered the doorbell to see a small shrunken man, who identified himself as one of the strikers. I thought: "Here it is at last, and me without that gun." He asked to come in and told me he'd heard I was telling a story different than the one he was getting from his union. . . .

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Fortunately for the small, shrunken striker, Reagan was unarmed.

Reagan's emotions were genuine, but he misrepresented the motives and views of the SAG members who opposed the Guild's strike policy. Paul Henried, Katharine Hepburn, Hume Cronyn, Alexander "Woodrow Wilson" Knox and Edward G. Robinson were among the non-Communist liberals and intellectuals whose opinions were categorized by Reagan as follows: "Some of the people against us were Communists, some were knowing fellow travelers, and many were innocent dupes. . . . I'll relate their words and deeds, but not whether they were of the party, the fellow-traveler, or the sucker group." His description of one of the few bona-fide Communists in the SAG is equally distorted. After relating how he was disturbed by the pro-strike activities of actor Sterling Hayden, Reagan proceeds to praise the Marine hero's 1952 HUAC testimony: "It was a brave thing to do, but a brave man was doing it. Testifying under oath on the Communist maneuvers to take over Hollywood, Sterling Hayden was asked what tripped them up. He replied: 'We ran into a one-man battalion named Ronnie Reagan.'" Hayden's alleged remark about Reagan does not appear in his HUAC testimony; it is attributed to him in a 1951 article on communism in the Los Angeles *Mirror*.

Reagan's interpretation of Hayden's HUAC performance and pro-CSU position is also inaccurate and self-serving. In his lusty autobiography, *Wanderer*, which was published two years *before* Reagan's life story appeared, Hayden tells how he was coached by government agents in order to buttress their contention that there was a Communist conspiracy in Hollywood. Hayden sets the HUAC record straight: he was motivated by a sincere concern for the rights of labor unions rather than dedication to a Communist plot when he supported the CSU. In contrast to Reagan's heroic interpretation of his conduct, Hayden considers his behavior before HUAC—not his brief C.P. membership—to be the most cowardly and shameful episode in his life.

Gene Kelly, a vice president and member of the board of directors of the SAG during the strike, also contradicts Reagan's version of the Hollywood strike. He confirms that the factual errors and hysteria in Reagan's autobiography accurately reflect his state of mind two decades earlier. Kelly prefaced his remarks to me by saying, "Personally I like Murphy and Reagan," although "I think they still see Communists under the bed." He recalled that Reagan displayed similar emotions during the strike. The following quotes are from a taped interview with Kelly, made August 9, 1972, and from telephone conversations with him on May 1 and 4, 1974:

> He had talks with me. He said, "Why did you join that organization? It's a Communist front!" He wasn't a liberal then. The first dealings I had with him he was not. The specter of communism hung over all Hollywood. If Herb Sorrell and the Conference of Studio Unions won . . . over the IATSE, the Communists would have taken over Hollywood. This was completely emotional, so much so that it was hard to say, "Look, let's get to the meat of it."
>
> When fellows that are working this hard can't hew to the facts then they must be emotionally upset . . . otherwise I don't think that they would make, you know, bad statements of fact in their own books. For instance, Reagan in his book, says, "Gene Kelly's a friend of Sorrell's!" I wasn't a friend of Sorrell's at all. I didn't even know him. I only met him at these meetings. . . . He got up . . . and he seemed a big, burly, pleasant man . . . he had a sense of humor which Reagan never had at that time. I think he's acquired it. . . .
>
> Reagan was very emotionally upset. All the time. He would go into tirades about communism and at one time he was carrying a gun, according to his own statement, and imagining that a lot of things would happen. Now he might have been threatened. I don't know. But so highly exaggerated that it was hard to make logic. I do know that they weren't as intelligent as they were emotional. . . . You couldn't talk to Murphy or Reagan about anything without them saying "the Communists are going to take over." Everything was so completely clouded by the Russians are coming, the Russians are coming.

Warner Bros.

Reagan with Doris Day in The Winning Team

In the 1950s, Reagan repeated his tales of the Hollywood strike before civic groups, in the newspaper column of Victor Riesel, who was also a hip-shooting, self-appointed expert on communism, and on nationwide tours of 135 General Electric plants. This barnstorming developed from his job as host on the weekly *G.E. Theatre* from 1954 to 1962. On television, Reagan proclaimed the company's corporate motto: "Progress is our most important product." On the road, he later wrote, "The

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most dramatic part of my pitch, however, was the account of the attempted takeover of the [movie] industry by the Communists." Reagan felt that "it was dumbfounding to discover, in spite of all the publicity, how completely uninformed the average audience was concerning internal communism . . . the threat in their own backyards."

By the 1960s, the standard G.E. propaganda speech that served as the model for his subsequent, overtly political speeches, stressed his fear that what was left of America's free economy would succumb to "the swiftly rising tide of collectivism." That has been the dominant ideological theme of his gubernatorial career, and Reagan's Presidential ambitions should also be judged in the light of his set convictions about the Hollywood strike. Both Nixon and Reagan began their political climbs by riding out on crusades against communism, but they are not brothers in zeal. Nixon's brand of anti-communism was rooted in opportunism; Reagan is a true believer in the Red menace. That does not make him the worse human being, but it could make him an even more disastrous President. Holding the views he does, as sincerely as he does, he could not possibly administer a country hot with opposing philosophies that demand to be heard. He would be incapable of pursuing a foreign policy whose goal is mutual restraint. And a man whose fear of an angry painter prompted him to pack a .32 Smith and Wesson should keep his finger off the nuclear trigger. □

3. Turning California Around

MARY ELLEN LEARY

San Francisco

California is pleasantly surprised by its primary election results. A series of races for governor, U.S. Senate, Congress and assorted other offices, which its citizenry took to be so dull that the voting ratio hit almost the lowest point in history, has produced no upsets but some exciting trends. It has thrust into the political spotlight two attractive and interesting young men, each of whom has a chance to set a new tone for national politics in the future. Houston Flournoy, Republican nominee for governor, and his Democratic rival, Edmund G. Brown, Jr., both won their party nominations by huge majorities, thus lifting themselves out of the "ho-hum" category which had blanketed state politics. This revival of political excitement is occasioned by the solid evidence that the public likes its two candidates and likes their political values. They bring a new set of prospects to both parties in California, and inevitably the spirit they have engendered will in coming months seep eastward. The post-primary Western air is full of references to "a new era," "new politics," "the winds of change."

The principal element in this turnabout is public revulsion against corporate dominance of politics. It found specific expression in this election: by a 70 per cent vote, far beyond expectation, the people of California approved a rigid campaign reform and lobbying regulation law. If any test of public sentiment about Watergate were needed, that is it. Proposition 9, devised in large measure by Common Cause and championed from its inception by young Brown, who as Secretary of State is supervisor of the election process, is considered the most drastic and far-reaching formula for regulating the influence of money on politics ever presented to an electorate in the United States. Needless to say, it is the stiffest ever enacted. This law, which reached the ballot as an initiative while legislators were dallying with half-measures of reform, is so rigorous on limitations for legislative lobbyists that it prevents them from spending more than $10 per month on any one legislator—a limit likely to reduce the principal Sacramento restaurant menu to two hamburgers and a Coke. It bars anyone whose main activity is lobbying from contributing to political campaigns, a stricture that outrages top AFL-CIO leadership even more than it does the Chamber of Commerce. It has complex "conflict of interest" regulations which seek to keep legislative and lobbyist influence out of representation before state agencies. Lawyers for every segment of business are frantically studying how to operate under the new purity rules, and labor is getting in ahead of business interests with a court test. The problem with a law that touches so many aspects of customary political persuasion is where to attack it first.

The most immediate result of the political reform initiative was a voluntary embrace by the two gubernatorial candidates, even though it does not technically take effect until next January. Flournoy, who had at first opposed the measure as unworkable, tried to erase that mistake by pronouncing it "the will of the people." He invited his reform-labeled rival to join him this fall in living by the limit this law will set upon campaign spending, beginning next year. Brown wholeheartedly concurred. This means they agree to spend no more than 3¢ per capita for voting age population, or a total of $1.3 million each in the November race.

Brown sparked the liveliest response on election night with his call for "a new spirit" in the Democratic Party. "Join me," he invited, "in creating honest, objective and compassionate government." He went immediately on the attack against Republicans, a contrast to his deliberately mild-mannered primary tone, and began to knit together the fragmented Democratic factions.

That will take some doing. There were about eight serious candidates for governor in a dizzying field of twenty-nine. Democrats went loping down a number of alleys after assorted favorites. Some boosted San Francisco Mayor Joseph Alioto for being "tough on crime." The recent bizarre crime sequences in California gave

Mary Ellen Leary has been a West Coast political writer for more than twenty years, most of them on the Scripps-Howard San Francisco News. *She is now a free-lance writer.*

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this argument some weight, and he came in a distant second. Other Democrats were persuaded that California Assembly Speaker Bob Moretti had exhibited a sound grasp of state problems and a canny ability to deal with them; that brought him in third. Other voters, about 10 per cent drawn from the cultivated liberals, indulged in a trial balloon for a total newcomer to politics: William Roth, millionaire scion of the Matson shipping enterprises. Another 7 per cent of the liberal ranks stuck doggedly with Rep. Jerome Waldie in a doomed but decent statement that was, in its own way, another testimonial against corporate dominance in politics and the Nixon era. Representative Waldie, a member of the House Judiciary Committee, was one of the earliest and most outspoken on the impeachment issue.

But while Brown will have his hands full trying to corral the disappointed Democrats into his camp, the most immediately interesting challenge lies with the Republicans. Candidate Flournoy has the opportunity to remold the GOP of this large and pivotal state into a force with new springs of energy, new standards of political excellence and a new attractiveness for the young —something that dispirited and befuddled Republicans everywhere would like to think possible. Whether he has the leadership capacity to pull off this miracle is not yet known.

Flournoy has drawn some astonishingly large votes in his career, especially in 1970 when, seeking re-election as state controller, he won by 60 per cent of the votes cast, far ahead of the margin given Gov. Ronald Reagan in his second bid for the governorship. Flournoy ousted the present U.S. Sen. Alan Cranston from the controller's office in 1966, moving up from six years' experience in the legislature. Such laurels are impressive. But the most extraordinary advance training this amiable and engaging man has undergone was getting his Ph.D. in political science at Princeton, and serving for nine years as a professor of government at Pomona College and Claremont graduate school. This has given him a dialectical skill that is the bane of television news reporters and thirty-second ad men, who must try to capsule a message into less than ten words. But he has a persuasive, thoughtful power before live audiences and a good presence on television. He is immensely interested in government and conveys to his listeners a sense of its importance. It is a dangerous thing, he has been telling audiences, when politics becomes "a dirty business." That is as close as he comes to a judgment about Watergate.

Just 44, an easy, comfortable man with a big grin, Flournoy would be considered young in any context other than the present one, where he faces a 36-year-old rival. Because Brown looks even younger than 36, and has only four years in state office compared to Flournoy's fourteen, the Republican is being touted as "mature" and "experienced." The personal differences in the two men may tell in the election. Flournoy is relaxed and thoughtful. Brown, more modish in style, is also more intense and driven, but has about him an electric compulsion when he presses the urgency of the need for change. He, too, has academic training and an interest in the basic principles of government. Beyond that, he has about him an edge of daring which Flournoy lacks. To refashion the Republican image may call for considerable incisiveness and vigor from the quiet Flournoy, and he may not have the personality to risk it.

Indeed, Flournoy may be somewhat compromised in the public mind by the backing he found it necessary to accept in the primary, when industrialist David Packard, President Nixon's former Under Secretary of Defense, became the Flournoy state chairman, and key Los Angeles financial backers of Governor Reagan poured money into the campaign after other GOP angels had fallen by the wayside. When Flournoy began the race, formidable Republican opponents were testing the starting gates. But he is a man noted for his luck and the others didn't run. His only adversary, Lieut. Gov. Ed Reinecke, was a clear party favorite, but during the campaign the Watergate grand jury indicted him on the charge of lying about the date when he discussed GOP 1972 convention plans and ITT involvement in them with former Atty. Gen. John Mitchell. The entire Reinecke campaign was darkened by this cloud. The ultraconservative Republican organizations in the state stayed stubbornly with him, but his fortunes went steadily downhill. Flournoy got 63 per cent of the Republican vote to Reinecke's 30 per cent. This margin gives Flournoy an obvious chance to shake up those GOP groups.

More pressing, though, is his need to win Democratic votes. California registers overwhelmingly Democratic; no Republican wins except by poaching on Democratic territory. Flournoy faces the complex problem of turning the Republican image away from the ruthless conservatism of Reagan and toward the moderate approach he embraces, while at the same time seeking votes from Democrats who seem anything but moderate in their attitude toward business. The mood of the state about moneyed interests may decide the Brown-Flournoy race.

Flournoy is surrounded by a coterie of able, liberal-minded, experienced Republicans who know a good deal about California's problems and its state government, and who, from a decent sense of responsibility toward human needs, bucked many of the Reagan "cut, trim and squeeze" measures that hurt social programs. This group has been yearning for the chance to rebuild the kind of Republicanism that flourished in California when Earl Warren was governor.

However, one of them, the much respected John G. Veneman, former Under Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, was defeated for lieutenant governor by John L. Harmer, who stands on the far Right. Another arch-conservative, H.L. Richardson, will be running against U.S. Senator Cranston. So as yet there is no clear, unalloyed shift to the middle among California Republicans.

Assemblyman Bob Beverly, minority leader and one of the strongest young voices among California Republicans, thinks the Flournoy contest with Brown will assist the swing toward moderation. Republicans are resigned to losing some Congressional seats; they have already lost one, San Francisco's, in the primary. But Beverly is convinced that most voters, and even possibly labor, will shy away from politics which seems punitive

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toward financial interests. A moderate Republican, he insists, can win this year. In effect, such Republicans are trying to put Watergate behind them; the Democrats don't think it is over yet.

Flournoy also faces the very real presence of Reagan in the state. The Governor is exhibiting rather little concern for California these days, since he is busy with a swirl of national speeches intended to press his availability as a Presidential candidate despite the rising star of Vice President Gerald Ford. Flournoy has not pledged himself to Reagan, but neither has he made any contrary commitment.

Rep. Paul N. "Pete" McCloskey, Jr., the maverick outspoken Republican who kept his California seat this year by less than a 1,000-vote margin, suggests that the next five months, the time before the general election, is the critical period for the nation as a whole to discover whether there are any vital forces left in the Republican Party. It will in that time, he figures, reshape itself into a party of moderate respectability and human concerns or it will shift to complete extremism, and embrace the South. What happens in California may strongly affect this direction.

But while California Republicans try to shift from the Right to the middle, the Democrats will have to hold on to that middle and also espouse reforms intended to rein in the kind of business manipulation of government which Watergate exposed. For this task they have an attractive, vital and somewhat enigmatic leader. Brown is a rare bird among politicians. He has a quality of aloofness seldom encountered in such circles, and the more astonishing because it is so unlike the ebullient gregariousness that made his father everybody's friend. Edmund G., Jr., known generally as Jerry, is son of California's former Gov. Edmund G. "Pat" Brown, the man who led the state for two terms through the expansive 1960s, before Governor Reagan took office. The name, the inheritance of political skill and the residue of affection for the father which lingers in California have been Jerry Brown's greatest assets so far. But they are not his only assets.

During his most important formative years, from 17 to 21, Jerry was off studying for the Catholic priesthood in a Jesuit seminary. When he decided not to follow that life, he entered the University of California at Berkeley and then took his law degree at Yale. What this unusual background bred in him was a thoughtful, rigorous set of standards attuned to the call for political reform. He seems in remarkable touch with his times. When he was first elected Secretary of State, then only 32, he used his office immediately to haul oil companies into court for failure to comply with election laws. He moved subsequently against others who skirted compliance with election laws. Long before Watergate, he established himself as the central California champion of political honesty.

Because he is no affable mixer, he was scorned as something of a Boy Scout in the tennis-playing, fraternizing world of the state capitol. Speaker Moretti said he has never seen Brown smile, let alone laugh. Mayor Alioto scoffed that Brown sounded as though he had invented honesty. As the primary started, the vastly more experienced Alioto and Moretti kept waiting for the collapse of what they took to be puffed-up poll figures on Brown's lead. They waited and waited; Brown stayed ahead. They have labeled his popularity the work of canny "media" professionals and it is true that the Brown campaign was run with great adroitness. But what Brown argues for and calls for is precisely what the people obviously want. He is on target.

The *Los Angeles Times* editorialized after the primary: "The mood of the people was clear. Although Watergate may have been the main impetus for a Yes vote on Proposition 9, public disenchantment with electoral abuses—and the unresponsive government they spawn—has been building for a long time."

In the atmosphere of skepticism over Brown, the young crusader, Democratic National Chairman Robert S. Strauss dined with the new candidate for governor two days after the election. He was surprised. He pronounced Jerry Brown "a mature, responsible fellow." Such smoothing of the path is probably provided by Jerry's father. Proud and concerned about his son's progress, the senior Brown, now an attorney in Los Angeles, has helped fashion his son's career. But he has only helped. The drive and the deep personal conviction belong to Jerry and his generation. □

THE BLACKS OF PANAMA

STANLEY MEISLER

Mexico City

The difficult negotiations now in process between the United States and Panama over a new Panama Canal treaty are almost certain to ignore the rights of one people: the descendants of the blacks who dug the canal in the first place. "We are just hoping," said a black who lives in the U.S. Canal Zone, "that whatever happens between the two countries, our position doesn't become worse." It probably will.

Although Americans look on the Panama Canal as one of their great engineering achievements, it was dug mainly by foreign workers, mostly blacks from the West Indies. Few of these blacks left when the job was finished in 1914. They stayed on to help run the canal or to work in Panama. Their children did the same. As a result, Panama's two main ports, Panama City and Colón, have urban ghettos of English-speaking blacks in the slums near the U.S. Canal Zone, and the Canal Zone itself has

Stanley Meisler is a correspondent of the Los Angeles Times, *now stationed in Mexico.*

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embarrassing communities of virtually segregated blacks. They are a people without power. Although many are America-oriented, they are not American. Although they are now citizens of Panama, they are a distant cultural minority. Their descendants will probably be assimilated some day into the racially mixed Panamanian culture, but that does not help the present generations.

There are two black problems in Panama, both created by the canal. The first lies within Panama itself, a tiny country of only 1.5 million population whose main natural resource is geography. It is the narrowest stretch of land between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, which is why the canal was built there. Perhaps 100,000 blacks of West Indian descent live within Panama.

The second problem lies within the American colonial enclave called the U.S. Canal Zone. The zone exists because Panama, in the treaty of 1903 now under review, granted the United States a strip of land 10 miles wide and 50 miles long, so that it could construct and then operate the Panama Canal. The zone now has a population of 41,000. Almost 25,000 are U.S. servicemen and their dependents living on thirteen military installations. The civilian population of the zone, there because of the canal, comprises 10,500 Americans, almost all white, and 5,500 Panamanians, almost all black. They give the zone its special segregated atmosphere.

During construction days, the U.S. Government hired 45,000 foreign contract laborers. A caste system developed, hidden somewhat by a euphemism. The U.S. Government paid Americans in gold coin, others—mostly West Indian blacks—in silver. The pay windows were marked gold and silver. Before long, everything else was marked that way, too. There were gold and silver toilets and gold and silver counters at the post office and gold and silver housing and, later, gold and silver schools. The terminology was not abolished until 1947.

The racial contrast between gold and silver was made starker by the racial make-up of the Americans. The Canal Zone has long had a tradition that almost all its American civilians have been white, living in small communities with the air of stirless Mississippi towns in August. Even today, with all the pressures on U.S. Government agencies to hire minorities, the U.S. Panama Canal has only seventy-eight blacks among its American employees. American officials have been free to pursue their own prejudices in this largely ignored U.S. colony.

In the last twenty years, there has been an American attempt of a sort to deal with the segregation and discrimination in the zone—partly by abolishing restrictions but mostly by cultural eviction. There has been an open policy of pushing the West Indians out of the zone and into Panama. An all-American zone would end both the American embarrassment and the American responsibility.

As a result of this policy, Panama has large black populations in Panama City and Colón, the terminal ports of the canal. Colón, the Caribbean port of 70,000, is heavily black. It is, in fact, a town of black squalor. The wooden houses with their rusted roofs are rotting and peeling. Some of the apartments are single rooms, disordered and crowded. The alleys between the tenements smell of urine and rancid garbage. Panama City, the Pacific port with a population of 450,000, is less black, but black slums, almost as squalid as those in Colón, crowd the border of the Canal Zone.

A visitor, however, must be careful with these impressions. Not all the squalor is a spillover from the canal. It is difficult to tell how many West Indian blacks and their descendants now live in Panama. A 1950 census reported that Panama and the Canal Zone had 25,000 residents born in the West Indies. There was no figure for those of West Indian descent. At a guess, it was three or four times the number of native West Indians, a total that is surely much greater now.

It is also difficult to tell how many blacks in the slums of Colón and Panama City work for the Panama Canal or are descended from those who once did work there. The United States accepts no responsibility for the living conditions of blacks outside the Canal Zone, whether or not they work for the canal, so there are no studies, reports or statistics about them. Moreover, Panama has had a long history of black immigration, mostly slaves brought by the Spanish colonials. Many Panamanians have some black ancestors. In the 19th century, when Panama was a part of Colombia, it was known as that country's black province. Every black face in Panama does not represent a descendant of a West Indian who dug the canal.

Language is surer evidence. The old blacks spoke Spanish; the West Indian immigrants did not. Walking the streets of Colón, a visitor soon discovers that English is the predominant language there. That is not true of Panama City.

Sometimes the languages mix, with the children favoring Spanish, and their parents English. In the black area of Panama City one afternoon, I overheard a father send his son into a toy store to find out the price of a model car. The boy came out and announced, *"Cuarenta y cinco."* "Forty-five," the father said, "that's too much out of me." *"Porqué, papa?"* "Because I can't spend that much." The evidence of language shows clearly that the black slums of Colón and Panama City are at least a partial legacy of the American construction of the canal.

The blacks have an odd position within Panama. For years, the government of Panama was ambivalent about their citizenship. They were deprived of Panamanian citizenship from 1941 to 1946. Now, they do have full citizenship, but the white-skinned, Spanish-descended upper class of Panama society still looks down upon them. At the same time, other Panamanians resent them because their language and experience give them access to jobs in the Canal Zone, the best-paying in Panama. But Panama is not a closed society. The blacks may be drawn into Panama eventually through intermarriage and Spanish.

The blacks inside the U.S. Canal Zone have much better living conditions than those outside. Unlike those others, they can make the United States responsible for their welfare and they can see to it that inequities are obvious. That may be one reason why the U.S. Government wants them out.

Of course, the United States does not state that as a matter of official policy it is kicking the blacks out of

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the zone. It says that the blacks must leave only because the United States must care for its own citizens first. Its primary responsibility, so the argument goes, is to house American citizens who have been recruited to work on the canal. Since there is not enough housing even for them, the United States has decided to stop housing Panamanians within the zone except in those rare cases where a Panamanian must live near his job. According to a disingenuous official statement of the Canal Zone Government, "If there were surplus housing in those [American] communities it could and would be assigned to eligible non-U.S. citizen employees. Eligibility is not in any way based on race and color." But there is no recent evidence that the Canal Zone Government has even tried to plan, budget or request funds for "surplus housing" for the foreign blacks. The blacks are simply not wanted.

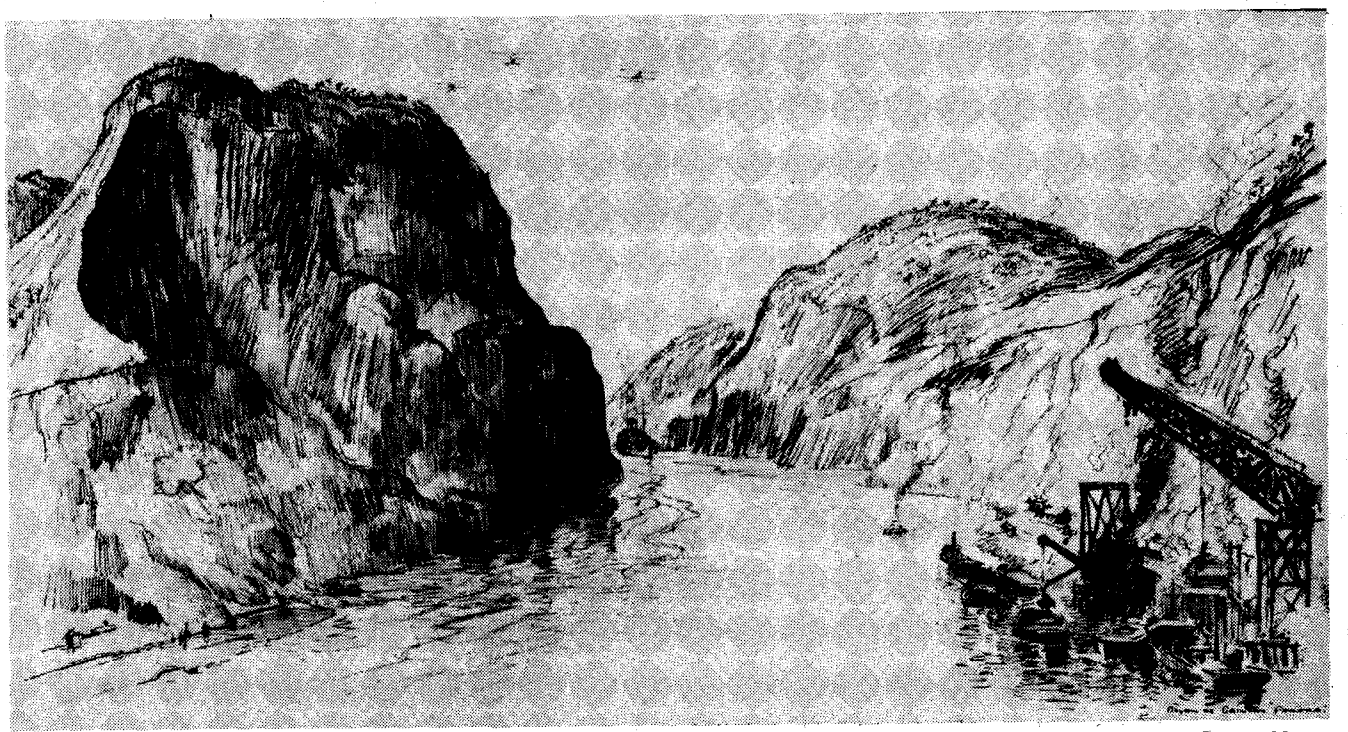
The United States is accomplishing its cultural eviction by attrition. All workers on the canal, whether American or Panamanian, must leave the zone when they retire. In the case of Americans, their homes are filled by other Americans. In the case of Panamanians, their homes are filled by no one. When a new Panamanian is hired, he is not assigned housing in the zone. As a result, only one-tenth of the Panamanians who work on the canal now live in the zone. While the attrition is going on, U.S. officials allow the Panamanians to live in their homes in the old "silver" communities. They are now called "Latin American" communities; they are really black communities.

The segregation is not absolute. A few Panamanians—doctors and policemen, for example—live in the American communities. But they tend to be Latin Panamanians rather than those of West Indian descent. In any case, the segregation comes close to being total. The American civilian communities in the Canal Zone, which are almost all white, are as separate from the Latin American communities, which are almost all black, as white and black towns are separated in South Africa.

Schooling in the Canal Zone is much the same. In 1955, the U.S. Government abolished the segregated gold and silver school system. A new segregated school system took its place, divided into English-speaking American schools and Spanish-speaking Latin American schools. "The name was changed," Roy A. Watson, a black Panamanian, wrote the House subcommittee on the Panama Canal two years ago, "but the debasing intent and practice remained."

American officials argue that the Latin schools are needed to help the blacks, who are Panamanian citizens, assimilate into Panamanian life. "It was concluded," the Canal Zone Government has said in an official statement, "that in the interests of all concerned, the Panamanian students in the Canal Zone should be oriented culturally, socially and economically toward their own country." The phrase, "it was concluded," is significant. The black, English-speaking parents did not decide that it was better for their children to attend Spanish-speaking schools. This was "concluded" for them by the U.S. Government.

There is a good deal of validity in the American argument, but the United States is not consistent about it. The Canal Zone admits a few Panamanians from outside the zone to its English-speaking high school. They are usually the children of wealthy or politically well-placed Panamanians who are Latin and lighter skinned. The United States has not concluded that it would be better for them to remain in their own culture. The American schools are far from lily-white. Since they admit the children of American servicemen from the military installations in the zone, there are a good number of American blacks in the classrooms. But for the children of the black Panamanians who work on the canal, the schools



Bryan de Grineau, Illustrated London News

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are as segregated as they were in the old gold and silver days.

Since the Canal Zone is run as sovereign American territory and the canal is an American company, Americans get the best paying jobs in the zone. Nonetheless, 11,000 of the 15,000 workers on the canal are Panamanian, mostly blacks. Black advancement, however, is often blocked by a rule that the most important jobs must be filled by American citizens, because the jobs are "security positions." U.S. officials say there are 1,700 such positions. A Panamanian can become a policeman in the zone, for example, but he can never advance to sergeant. That is a security position. The situation was once far worse. In 1962, no Panamanian held a job in the zone as a postal clerk, fireman or towing locomotive operator. Only three held jobs in the police force.

Many blacks in the zone insist that the United States, in hiring professional and clerical staff, favors lighter-skinned Latin Panamanians. "You look there in the administrative building," said a black, "and you see a general Latin favoritism." This may be true in the administrative building. But blacks, because of their English and their historical place in the zone, still have the vast majority of Panamanian jobs on the canal, and other Panamanians call them "the privileged ones."

Because of resentment over relative pay scales and some racial antagonism, many blacks are uncertain about their place in Panama. "We are sort of a peculiar breed," Philip Henry, a black canal worker, told Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, the U.S. treaty negotiator, at a public hearing last November, "because even though we carry the title of Panamanians, many of us might be reared in the Canal Zone, educated in the Canal Zone, educated in the United States, and we've worked for the Panama Canal company for all our lives." A black police officer said in a recent interview, "Most of our kids have grown up in American democracy. They don't know what Panama is like."

Some black Panamanians have suggested that the problem might be eased if the United States relaxed immigration requirements for Panama Canal workers and their dependents. At the moment, in fact, the only major difference between the U.S. Canal Zone and most other American colonial territories is the refusal of the United States to grant any kind of American nationality or citizenship to the people who live in the zone. But relaxation of the immigration laws for canal workers does not seem probable. Congress has never shown any interest in the idea. The officials of the Canal Zone, the whites who think they know the blacks best, refuse to support any such proposal. The blacks themselves feel the idea is too remote to fuss about.

Most blacks who work on the canal seem resigned to their Panamanian citizenship. Even those who live in the zone, when they discuss their future under a new treaty, are less concerned with possible Panamanian sovereignty over the zone than with their jobs. One resident of the zone, who once lived outside the zone, said, "We are accustomed to Panama justice—no matter what we think of it. We can live with it. Our greatest fear is the security of our jobs, our salaries and our fringe benefits." They fear, in fact, that if the United States returns sovereignty to Panama, they will lose many of their jobs to lighter-skinned, Latin Panamanians.

In the long run, assimilation will probably solve the problem within Panama. But for the United States, the blacks are still an embarrassment. In a letter to Rep. Robert L. Leggett (D., Calif.), the chairman of the House subcommittee on the Panama Canal, Rupert A. Phillips, secretary of the Congress of Latin American (i.e., black) Civic Councils in the zone, asked, "Has the United States forgotten the people whose brawn, willingness to work, and brain made this engineering feat a reality? Or have we been chosen as the sacrificial lamb?" The answer would probably not reflect much credit on the United States. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 770)*

former patients are the other main groups working for reform of mental health practices.

My own association with mental institutions began in 1962 and I have served continuously since then as an educator and consultant in various American mental health programs. Although I wish it were not true, the situations I described did not end in 1930, as Dr. Prins suggests. They are happening now, in 1974, in a manner that denies the constitutional liberties of American citizens.

I certainly trace part of my interest in civil rights and mental illness to Dr. Thomas Szasz, although I discovered his sensitive work after I became involved in mental health programs and knew what he meant when he called his 1961 book *The Myth of Mental Illness*. And, of course, naming a cluster of unacceptable behaviors an illness is the essence of the problem. People in diabetic comas or acute renal collapses should be afforded medical treatment. And people who choose to consider their emotional conflicts and problem behaviors as illnesses should be provided, if they want it, the treatment mental health programs offer. But no one is committed to a hospital for periods of months or years because someone else thinks he is suffering from a diabetic coma or a renal collapse, which he may, himself, deny. That is why the metaphorical application of the term "illness" to the behaviors called mental illness is inappropriate and can result in tyranny in the name of health.

Leon Ginsberg

nifty Donner

Middletown, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: I didn't think anyone could write 21 pages on the FBI that I'd read through. But Frank Donner did it ["Hoover's Legacy," *The Nation*, June 1]. A nifty job.

Tertius Chandler

correction

New York City

DEAR SIRS: My article, "Say What You Mean—Socialism" [*The Nation*, May 25] contained a rather serious typographical error.

On page 650, the article read, ". . . in the absence of a mass Socialist consciousness in the electorate (or more precisely, given an *anti-Soviet* consciousness) . . ." (emphasis added). The parenthetical remark should have read, "or more precisely, given an anti-Socialist consciousness."

Since I have been a lifelong opponent of Soviet totalitarianism myself, I was certainly not suggesting any one-to-one relationship between anti-Soviet sentiment and anti-socialism.

Michael Harrington

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Portrait of a Puritan

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL SEWALL. *Edited by M. Halsey Thomas. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 2 vols. 1,254 pp. $30.*

MELVIN BUXBAUM

The Diary of Samuel Sewall has long been treasured as one of the most significant, revealing and readable works of early America. It is for good reason that Sewall has been compared with Pepys, and it is fair to say that the Puritan was closer to the center of activity in the small New England society he records than Pepys could have been to the London of his day. The common as well as critical affairs of colonial life are noted carefully, often poignantly, and at times humorously in a work that begins December 3, 1673, while Sewall is still at Harvard, and ends only fifty-six years later on October 13, 1729. It is a record that adds measurably to our understanding of many of the fascinating events of that time.

After marrying Hannah Hull in 1676, when he was 24 years old, Sewall decided to become a merchant; however, as a pious Puritan of ability and learning, he was expected to take part in community affairs, and he was never one to shirk responsibility. He served for many years in a variety of offices, including that of Chief Justice of the Superior Court, and as a member of the Salem court that condemned those convicted of witchcraft. It was not until 1725, just five years before his death, that he gave up all public offices.

As the *Diary* proves, little escaped his notice or comment. He reports on Harvard intrigues over the presidency in 1674. The Rev. Mr. Urian Oakes, minister of Cambridge and Sewall's choice for the office, was passed over in favor of Leonard Hoar, M.D. A great many people were upset about the selection, and Sewall himself was probably involved in the student uprising that within three years forced Hoar to resign and enabled Oakes to succeed him. College presidents of a later date can perhaps take heart from the fact that their troubles and vicissitudes are part of an old if not quite honored American tradition. Ecology-minded persons will also find matters of interest to them in the *Diary*, and will doubtless sympathize with the grief of Sewall's mother reported in the entry for January 10, 1676: "Felled the oak at the E. end of the house. *Matre et Sorore valde plangentibus.*"

In dealing with more important events of his time, Sewall personalizes them. He notes the "formidable engagement at Narraganset," part of King Philip's War, and sadly reports the murder by the Indians of Mr. Hezekiah Willet whose head was "taken off, body stript." These were difficult times, and a Quaker took advantage of them by going through the town calling on the Puritans to repent. Wars, fires, bad crops, deaths and other tragedies were doubtless signs of God's displeasure with His backsliding people. Happily, though, we are not confronted here with a neurotic Michael Wigglesworth reporting events from a position of guilt and frustration. Distressed as he is by public and personal tragedies, Sewall is nevertheless the hopeful and practical man of affairs who does not see sin and the Devil behind every bush. The loss of the charter was certainly a hard blow, for the Puritan establishment in New England relied heavily on conformity, voluntary or otherwise, in the ranks. Yet Sewall and others knew that jeremiads bewailing New England's sinfulness were not enough. Men had to make the Lord's work their own, and it is with utter approval and conspiracy in his heart that he reports on May 16, 1686: "Mr. Willard prayed not for the Governor [who now was appointed by the King rather than elected by the freemen] or Government, as formerly; but spake so as implied it to be changed or changing." The omission was significant. Three years later Bostonians successfully carried out a bloodless revolution as soon as they learned that William of Orange had landed in England. Governor Andros, driven from office, was shipped back to England, his chief supporters locked up, and the old government returned to power until a new charter arrived in 1692. Sewall was in England at the time of the event but dutifully recorded the "Newes" of the change. In fact, it is almost certain that the rebellion had been planned for some time, and that the diarist and his fellow citizens awaited only the proper occasion to execute their scheme.

The Puritans were normally, though, a conservative lot and none was more irremediably conservative or orthodox than Sewall. It is hardly surprising that he was also an exacting literalist in Biblical matters and at times thought even the clergy too liberal. With Revelations xvi, 12 on his mind, for example, he earnestly pleaded with one minister to pray for "drying up the River Euphrates," the next to the last step preceding the victory of the Lamb. Elsewhere the diarist dreams that Christ, "in the dayes of his Flesh when upon Earth," came to Boston and lodged at the house of Sewall's father-in-law. He knew as well as anyone that dreams had to be interpreted, but he still found it difficult to escape literalism, and therefore concluded that his father-in-law deserved even greater regard than Sewall had given him, and that Boston was far holier than Rome for all its "boasting of Peter's being there." Most important of all, the dream expresses not only Christ's goodness but his "Wisdom . . . in coming hither and spending some part of His short Life here." Resistant to many of the changes occurring around him, Sewall was delighted when Increase Mather declared war on an obnoxious and dangerous practice and shot his "*Arrow Against Profane and Promiscuous Dancing*," a sermon "Drawn out of the *Quiver of the Scriptures*." As late as 1714 he was upset when the son, Cotton Mather, spoke in a sermon "of the Sun being in the centre of our System." Though the Copernican system had been accepted at Harvard even before Sewall was a student there, he still thought it "inconvenient to assert such Problems."

If he was as incorrigibly conservative as any of his fellows, Sewall was nevertheless a truly honorable, warm, kind man. One of the great tragedies of his life was the Salem witch trials. He believed in witches, but it seems altogether unlikely that he ever gave the court proceedings the wholehearted support the Mathers, for example, did, and when it seemed clear to him that innocent people had been killed because of the hysteria, he exhibited great courage and dignity in one of the most memorable acts in American history. He wrote a public profession of error and guilt and stood in the Third Church of Boston (the Old

Melvin Buxbaum's book, Benjamin Franklin and the Zealous Presbyterians, *is being published this autumn by the Pennsylvania State University Press.*

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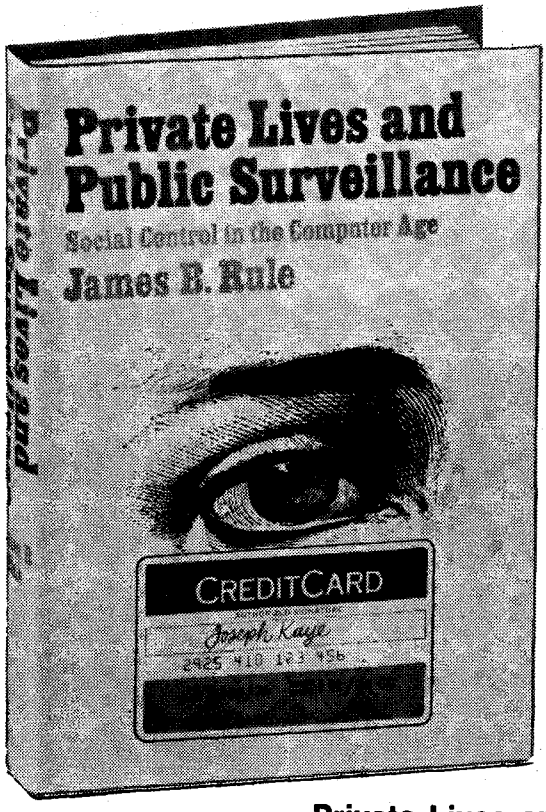
South) while his minister, Samuel Willard, read it to the congregation. The simple, moving confession is preserved in the *Diary*, for Sewall did not want to forget the lesson it had to teach. The Puritans, better understood nowadays than half a century ago, have still been justifiably rebuked for many faults. It seems only just, then, to recognize some of their saving qualities, and in Sewall's unstinting self-appraisal here and elsewhere, there is much that is admirable.

This is the same man who wrote and published in 1700 one of the earliest anti-slavery pieces in America, *The Selling of Joseph* (reprinted along with other material at the end of the *Diary*). Well aware that many of his friends and fellow citizens owned slaves, he nevertheless declared: "It is most certain that all Men, as they are the Sons of *Adam*, and are Coheirs," have equal "Right unto Liberty, and all other outward Comforts of Life." Citing Scripture to support his argument, he pointed out that God never intended any to be slaves. Sewall then took up and answered the defenses of slavery current in his day, concluding that as those who had been made slaves "are the Sons and Daughters of the First *Adam*, the Brethren and Sisters of the Last ADAM, and the Offspring; They ought to be treated with a Respect agreeable." Sewall, who was more enlightened on this matter than William Penn, far more often than not deserves our "Respect agreeable."

The most popular sections of the *Diary*, however, deal not with the dignified and compassionate Puritan but with the humorous man. Having something of a literary bent, Sewall enjoyed writing poetry and, more important for the work at hand, quite consciously created an engaging picture of himself as an object of friendly laughter. He was a lifelong enemy to wigs, which to his considerable chagrin grew increasingly popular in New England. When Cotton Mather defended them as an "innocent fashion," Sewall remarked dryly that the minister himself actually meant he "was fain to wear a Periwig for his health." Then growing angry he wrote: "I expected not to hear a vindication of Periwigs in Boston Pulpit by Mr. Mather. . . ." A decade later he chastised his minister's son for preferring a wig to his "straight" hair, and when the father later invited his son to preach, Sewall showed his great displeasure by attending services at the liberal Brattle Street Church that day.

As a husband he was in more than one way remarkable and not without considerable humor. He notes that after thirteen births "it may be my dear wife may now leave off bearing." Again, though one of the most prominent, capable and respected men in the colony, he writes: "I paid Capt. Belchar £8-15-0. Took 24s in my pocket, and gave my wife the rest of my cash £4-3-8, and tell her she shall now keep the Cash; if I want I will borrow of her. She has a better faculty than I at managing Affairs: I will assist her; and will endeavor to live on my Salary; will see what it will doe. The Lord give his Blessing." Sewall's decision was most unusual then, and he knew that reversing what was assumed to be the natural way of doing things was comical and made him somewhat ridiculous.

When his wife of 41 years died in 1717, "the Chamber was fill'd with a Flood of Tears," but it was not long before pressure was put upon him to choose another wife from among the ladies who occupied the widows' bench in church. He therefore begins the first of his series of courtships in the spring of 1718. Watch the Yankee in the Puritan, as the love affair begins with something less than passion in the breast of



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the 66-year-old suitor: "I prove Mr. William Denison's Will," he writes, and impressed, inquires about the health of the Widow Denison.

Ten days later Sewall presents her with a bound widow's book. In early June he visits her with a definite "purpose." The middle of the month finds him giving her a book of sermons and she feeding him "very good Curds." As the courtship progresses the investment on his part increases, and he gives her "K. George's Effigies in Copper; and an Engl. Crown of K. Charles 2d 1677." Again they "Eat Curds" together, a good sign, for on the 25th of the month he presents her with two knives and forks in sets, "one Turtle shell tackling; the other long with Ivory handles, Squar'd, cost 4s 6d. . . ." But this is hardly all, for he also buys her a "Pound of Raisins with proportionable Almonds." Damn the cost! By November, after yet more gifts, he tells her, " 'twas time now to finish our Business. . . ." What does she expect to live on if he dies? No answer. He makes an offer, but he also tries to extract from her the lion's share of her estate, and so she says "she had better keep as she was. . . ." Sewall prays for divine direction, and though his "bowels yern towards Mrs. Denison," he is instead directed toward the Widow Tilly. They "eat Almonds and Raisins" together in September 1719, and are married the next month. Unfortunately, the protein and iron combination proved inadequate to the occasion, and after "Mrs. Armitage introduced me unto my Bride's Chamber after she was a-bed," the new Mrs. Sewall became violently ill and nearly died. Eight months later she did die, and he reports: "About midnight my dear wife expired to our great astonishment, especially mine."

Within four months, however, in September 1720, we find him courting Madam Winthrop, another widow. She receives his visits, gives him wine and professes great respect for him. Nevertheless, she cannot marry him and leave her children, her home, neighborhood and meeting. Translated, her meaning is that she wants him to break down and buy a wig, which he refuses to do, and to hire a coach. He objects, arguing that the coach " 'twould cost £100 per annum. . . ." Ready for him, she replies at once that it would "cost but £40." She is displeased and treats him with occasional aloofness, but he still persists with some passion and with the experience that comes from having spent so many of his 68 years in politics: "Ask'd her to acquit me of Rudeness if I drew off her Glove. Enquiring the reason, I told her 'twas great odds between handling a dead Goat and a living Lady. Got it off." This, however, is as far as he gets with Madam Winthrop, for he either cannot or will not meet her social requirements. Frustrated, he resorts to irony, offering her £100 a year if he dies first and asking "what sum she would give me, if she should dy first." Five days later, on November 7, 1720, his courtship ends. He does not try to get off her glove and notes that her dress "was not so clean as sometime it had been. Jehovah jireh!" On the 9th, passing by her house, he notices that her shutters were open. But he does not stop. Earlier the Governor had pointed out over drinks that in England the ladies cared only about money and coaches. "I said, And New-England brooks its Name." Sewall did, though, marry for a third time in 1722.

It is interesting that in 1723 the diarist remarked on the most recent expression of impudence in James Franklin's *New England Courant*. James, his friends and his satiric little brother Benjamin had long been attacking the order of which Sewall had been so central a part. While the Franklins eventually had to leave Boston and earn bread elsewhere, their efforts proved that the life Sewall had known and defended was ending as rapidly as his own. For all the serious faults of that way of life, it had positive and enduring qualities. Fortunately, much has been preserved by Sewall with fidelity, clarity and humor.

Not only antiquarians and specialists in early American life, but all of us are indebted to Farrar, Straus and Giroux for making available the *Diary* in two such well-made and beautiful volumes. Clearly, the people in charge of the project were not infected by Sewall's frugality. The type is of good size and the many, carefully selected illustrations provide just the right flavor. Professor Thomas' editing is thorough, and his efforts go well beyond the work of previous editors. Yet it is he who is responsible for the one flaw in this edition. His preface is not only disappointingly brief but it is insensitive to the *Diary* as a work of literature. A prominent historian, Professor Thomas avoids responsibility by noting that "Concerning Sewall's literary efforts, his Latin and English poetry, his books and tracts, this editor, lacking the recondite qualifications, offers no opinion." He apparently does not see that from the work he has labored over for nearly twenty years there emerges the created character of Samuel Sewall. Whether depicting himself as the unbending orthodox Puritan, the penitent, grieving judge of witches, the family man or

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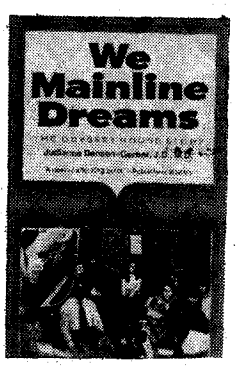

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the aged suitor, Sewall, in effect, is engaging in the fictive process of creating a viable character. It makes no difference whether or not he intended the *Diary* for anyone else's eyes, for the effect is the same. One of the major contributions he has made is imposing literary form on mere chronology, and thereby giving it enduring qualities. Readers have long responded to the artistry of the *Diary*, and it is unfortunate that its present editor decided not to deal with that matter.

Perhaps this fault in an otherwise splendid achievement will not trouble many readers. It is certainly no barrier to buying the set. After all, what we do have is an important and delightful work about early America that in this edition is truly a pleasure to own. At $30 for the two volumes in a sturdy and attractive slipcase, moreover, it is a bargain—and an acquisition to be cherished. □

An Optimist in the Law

TO LIFE. *By Elmer Gertz. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 252 pp. $7.95.*

JON R. WALTZ

The other day a prominent Chicago trial lawyer bought me a drink, apparently for the sole purpose of getting off a remark that he had been working on and that pleased him. He said to me, "Well, I see Elmer has written his autobiography again."

The purchaser of my martini was talking about another Chicago lawyer, Elmer Gertz, and the nastiness of his comment, I suspect, stemmed as much from the smart of courtroom defeats at Gertz's hands as from any actual comparison between Gertz's current book, *To Life*, and his earlier volume of reminiscences, *A Handful of Clients*. Having read both books, I tried to put my trial lawyer friend's mind at rest. I told him that Elmer Gertz's latest book is no rehash of his earlier one. There is in fact very little overlap, and this is not surprising since Gertz, whom I once described in a preface to yet another of his books (he has published nine in all) as "something of a cross between Don Quixote and an ethical Clarence Darrow," has led—and continues to lead—a full life.

About half of *A Handful of Clients* was devoted to Gertz's important involvement in the efforts of Nathan Leopold, codefendant in one of our countless trials of the century, to gain release from prison on parole; only one chapter of *To Life* deals with Leopold, and it picks up the threads of that flawed and wasted life where the earlier work had dropped them. The rest of *To Life* is much more an autobiography than *A Handful of Clients* was ever intended to be. It is also a much better book, in my view, for the very reason that it is so much more wide-ranging and varied.

In this sour and dispiriting time (let us face it: if we are talking about national government, it is the worst of times, with almost no Dickensian admixture of the best) to which a small contingent of men trained in the law has contributed so deadeningly, it is at least mildly refreshing that any lawyer could find it in himself to write a book exuberantly entitled, *To Life*. For its author, though, this title is apt enough. As Gertz himself puts it, "I still lift a glass and a full heart to life. I always shall." But it is also engaging to think of all the other titles that Elmer Gertz could have attached to his book. *To Life* (on the last page the author says it the way he thinks it and feels it: *L'chaim!*) could have been called *The Autobiography of an Optimist*. Such is the size and nature of his spirit that Elmer Gertz has found it possible in his lifetime to be optimistic about the prospects for solving an amazingly wide range of problems that have sunk less ebullient men and women into fits of depression and impotence.

Over the years Gertz has expressed hope that we can do something about the wretched state of housing for the poor, and when he was known around Chicago as "Mr. Housing," mainly because of his presidency of the Public Housing Association, he fought to make the hope a reality. He has been optimistic about an end to police lawlessness, about effective constitutional reform at the state level, about an end to the barbarism of the death penalty.

Gertz's book could as well have been entitled *The Autobiography of a Fighter* since he never has been satisfied to do his hoping from the sidelines. For more than forty years he has fought the good fight in courtrooms and on commissions, with eloquent voice and pen. In *To Life* Gertz writes about these fights and there is a lot to be learned from what he says; a lot to be learned about the contributions that the right kind of fighting lawyer can make to the public welfare.

Like most books, of course, *To Life* has its flaws. Autobiographies tend to show their authors' flaws and show

on Waltz is a professor of law at Northestern University School of Law in Chiago. His specialty is the law governing the onduct of trials.

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TAKING MY PICTURE
(For David Akiba)

The photographer waits for the light
of the world to compose itself
around his idea. He doesn't trust
what he hears, but fits his face
into the camera and then plunges
through its eye.

He sees my past appear as naked
as a horse walks down the street.
No one would look twice, but I
who have learned to hide and say
this picture of my life is good
am like the horse who stands all night
in his stall wondering if it will burn.

Jack Myers

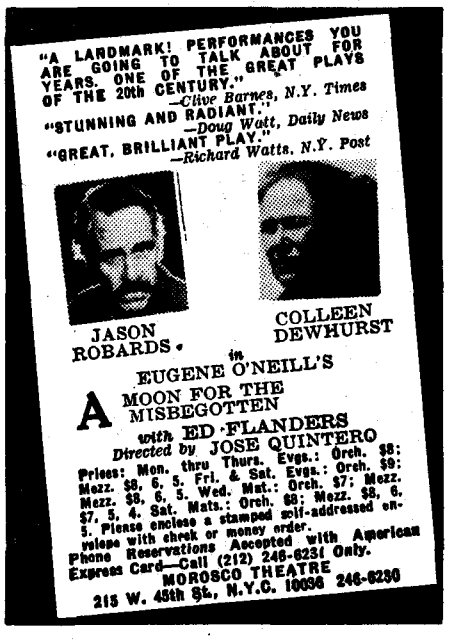
them large. Elmer Gertz suffers in dizzying measure from one of the occupational diseases that besets some lawyers, especially courtroom lawyers: he has a voracious ego. In an autobiography there are two ways to feed one's ego. The author can engage in self-flattery or he can cite the flattery, if any, of others. Gertz indulges in the indirect technique relentlessly. Names both celebrated and obscure are dropped on every page, followed by their quoted paeans of praise for Gertz. And in the few situations in which this technique fails, a more generalized approach is taken, resulting in such exercises in flatulence as "To [my law students] I am somewhat of a legend."

I must say that every time I read a book like this, I hear a small voice inside me asking what factors justify the writing of an autobiography and the publication of it by any but a vanity press. I am glad that Benjamin Franklin and Henry Adams wrote theirs, and Lincoln Steffens and Winston Churchill. But what other than unbridled ego and the book industry's willingness to publish almost anything will support most autobiographical efforts?

The answer, at least in part, is that any sort of book is worth writing and publishing if it contains, along with the chaff, some good and useful kernels. Gertz's book contains worthwhile stuff.

A few lines ago I spoke of "the right kind of lawyer." That's the kind of lawyer Elmer Gertz has been. His whole life suggests that the right kind of lawyer is something more than the seller of time and a mind. He/she is a defender of the abused; a champion of the accused; a sometimes unpaid public servant; a pursuer of reform and social betterment. These are the things that Elmer Gertz has been and it comes through clearly enough in his *To Life* to make its publication worthwhile in the year 1974 and hereafter.

Furthermore, any book that delivers even one great anecdote into one's treasury of such things is worth its price and more. Gertz's book delivers this one, about a black witness in a housing case. Asked by opposing counsel to give her race, she replied, "Human race." Undaunted, the lawyer asked what color she was. The witness unhesitatingly replied, "Natural color." □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Vacuity Surrounded by Flesh

JANE. *By Dee Wells. The Viking Press. 258 pp. $6.95.*

ROBIN MacNAUGHTON

Jane is a detached and self-centered lady. An American in London, she is a bored and boring woman, playing musical beds with her three faithful lovers. Each is ignorant of the existence of the others—until Jane becomes pregnant. Then the obvious question arises: who is the father?

Anthony is a lazy English lord with an impressive list of palaces and country estates, along with a mother out of *Queen* magazine. Tom is a cute, blue-eyed burglar who descended one night through Jane's skylight and never really left. And Franklin is a brilliant black attorney who was raised to live white by his upper-middle-class family. Franklin had soared through boarding school, Yale and law school to a fine faculty position at Cambridge. Jane conscientiously details Franklin's credentials to anyone who questions the match. Later she even tells him, "You haven't any better idea than I have of what it's really like to be black."

When it is announced that the 35-year-old Jane is in the family way, all three of her men are eager candidates for her hand. But that flip and flighty lady blithely rejects their proposals. Firstly, because she is "liberated." Secondly, she has to find out who the father is before making a commitment to any one suitor, because, thirdly, the father might very well be black.

As the novel proceeds, pages are filled with Jane's banal chatter, along with details of her attempts to carry on with the three relationships. Of course, she succeeds miserably—but the greater misery is not hers. At one point Jane comments to a colleague at the magazine for which she is a film critic, "It's funny how people can't ever really leave what makes them miserable." But Jane's real problem is that she is too detached from her feelings to even realize her pain. The more the reader learns about her, the more he comes to see that recognizing her own pain is the only positive thing he can hope for from her. Unfortunately, that never happens. The games she plays with her lovers' emotions would be forgivable in a schoolgirl, not in a woman. Franklin tells her, "You're a pack rat. You can't throw anything away, not even people you don't really want." And it is true. Jane has so little integrity that she is just one level above the psychopath. When her personal survival is at stake, Jane is a swift and ruthless liar. She is bored, and, for that very reason, frenetically self-indulgent. And from her self-indulgence comes her remarkable lack of sensitivity to everyone including herself.

In the latter part of the book, Tom, the burglar boyfriend, is murdered, and Jane is supposed to be devastated. But when the police call her in the course of the investigation, "she said she was sorry, but that afternoon wouldn't be convenient. Tomorrow morning then? No that wouldn't be convenient either."

Yet, "all she could think of was what happened to Tom, and that she was responsible." Franklin calls her Miss Ash Can, saying that "she had an Old Testament mind. But guilty was something she only played at being; it was a white-mice bath she took an occasional dip in

Robin MacNaughton is an editor in a book-publishing house in New York.

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and that made her squeal and wriggle and say, 'Oooh, stop.' But that was all it was. Real guilt she knew very little about."

After Tom is bumped off, Jane dumps the titled Anthony because he makes an insensitive comment about blacks—although Jane does the same thing herself when she wrongly imagines Franklin has left her. The baby turns out to be Tom's. And after having made elaborate plans for connubial bliss, and having received many marriage offers, in the eleventh hour Jane is deserted by Franklin. He leaves her and his career, and departs for Africa to live the proverbial "honest life." Ironic that the sane and steady Franklin comes to be a slave to his idealistic dreams just as Jane is to her erotic fantasies.

So who wins in the end? No one—for this book is about losers. And Jane is the star. Earlier, she casually comments in relation to someone else's problem: "People need a scapegoat. That way they never have to face that pretty nearly everything bad that happens to them is their own fault. Not many people can face that." And 35-year-old Jane, left alone with her infant child and the patterns of memories playing on the skylight, cannot face that either. □

Matters of the Here and Now

THE POET IN THE WORLD. *By Denise Levertov. New Directions Press. 275 pp. $9.50. Paper $2.45.*

LINDA WAGNER

Thirteen years ago Kenneth Rexroth chose Denise Levertov as the most interesting poet of the new generation—"the most subtly skillful," "the most profound," "the most modest and the most moving"; i.e., "the best of the lot." High praise indeed from Rexroth, but praise that was echoed widely. Levertov established herself thereafter as one of the most important younger poets. Readers admired her poems; they also admired the seriousness with which she took her role as poet. Even then, Levertov gave splendid readings, stirring in both their intensity and their dignity. And whenever she was asked to write about her craft, she did so, again with dignity and clarity.

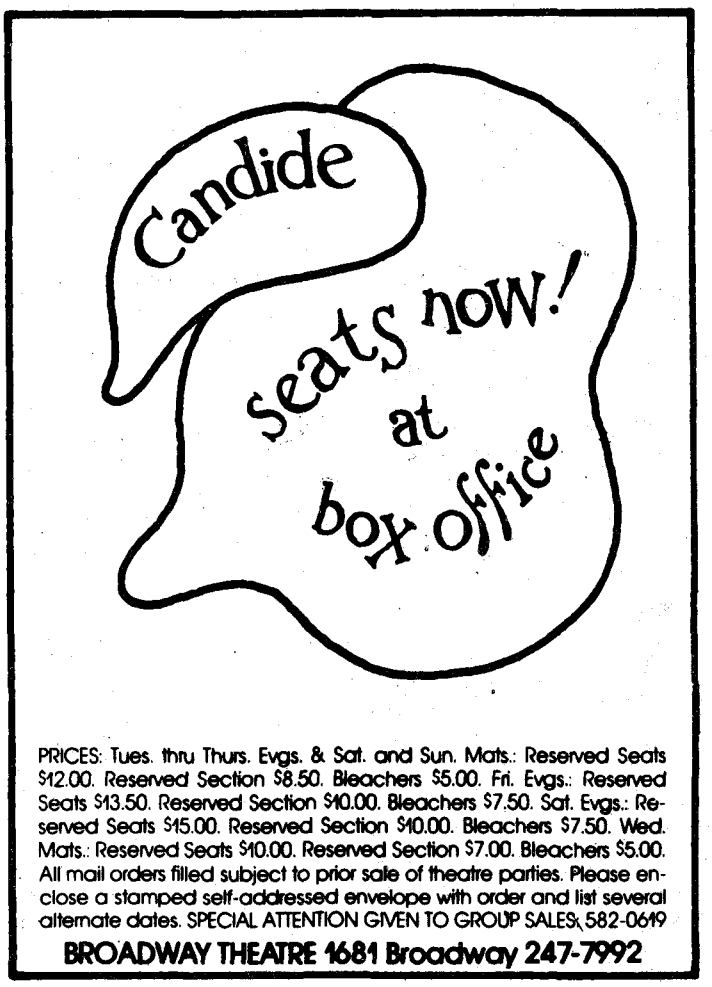
The Poet in the World, a collection of essays and reviews, is the natural result of one poet's involvement with her life as a writer. It tells a great deal about Levertov's own aesthetic principles, but it also reads like a handbook of contemporary poetics. She does not assume great sophistication on the part of her readers, and thereby hedge the most obvious—and sometimes the most difficult—questions. Accordingly, reading this book can serve to educate the uninitiated in modern poetry. Sections I and V, "Work and Inspiration," and "Other Writers," are particularly interesting here. Her essays on Paul Goodman, Robert Creeley, H.D., Pound and Williams and others (many of these written while she was poetry editor of *The Nation*) show too how influential her criticism—and that of other poets—has been in recent years. Each of these writers either appeared for the first time or enjoyed a kind of renaissance between the early 1960s and the present.

That Levertov is one of the first poets of her generation to have published this kind of prolegomenon is not surprising. She has consistently told her students to read criticism by poets, to trust Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hopkins, Pound, Rilke, Duncan. Yet she seems to be partly at odds with the image of herself as poet-critic, with its ivory-tower connotations, for she includes as a secondary category excerpts from her political writings. The title of the book itself reflects that antipathy against the idea of existing only as an artist; even poets must live in the world—or, perhaps poets especially must live in the world—and Levertov speaks in that connection of "the essential interrelatedness and mutual reinforcement of the meditative and the active."

One of the many significant ideas Levertov pursues is that of "the artist as translator." She objects to the notion that the poet attempts only a limited re-creation of simple experience, or therapeutic self-expression. A poet must do more than label or confess. He must find a way to bring his understanding of the world to his reader in such a way that the reader too feels a part of the "translation."

We must have poems that move away from the discursively confessional, de-

Linda Wagner is a poet and writer who teaches in the English Department of Michigan State University.



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scriptive, dilutedly documentary *and* from the fancies of inauthentic surrealism to the intense, wrought, bodied-forth and magical—poems that make us cry out with Carlyle, "Ah, but this sings!"

To reach this point of involvement, Levertov suggests what she terms "an ecstacy of attention, a passion for the thing known, that shall be more, not less sensuous, and which by its intensity shall lead the writer into a deeper, more vibrant language. . . ." One thinks of her own poems, so well described here —tulips, the iris and squirrel in "A Day Begins," the mutes on the subway, human bodies, the title poem from *O Taste and See*:

The world is
not with us enough.
O taste and see

the subway Bible poster said,
meaning The Lord, *meaning*
if anything all that lives
to the imagination's tongue,

grief, mercy, language,
tangerine, weather, to
breathe them, bite,
savor, chew, swallow, transform

into our flesh our
deaths, crossing the street, plum, quince,
living in the orchard and being

hungry, and plucking
the fruit.

Given her high moral seriousness, her role as translator of experience into *claritas*, Levertov has provided contemporary writing with a direction, a tone, even an organ bass. It is true that her poems have shown great variety of form—although the pervasive Levertov voice is serene, moderate, marked by verbal music and metaphor. Yet, varied as their shape may be, the poems speak consistently for Levertov's solemn view of life. She sees life as renewing, joyful, majestic; a promise to be held tenderly; a duty to be performed earnestly; and her poetry, as an art originating in, and expressive of, that mysteriously compelling vision.

Just as Levertov's poems create this unmistakable sense of personal commitment, to both art and life, so do these essays. Each one is solid. It blocks off an area, defines its limits, and comes to terms with that definition. In the process, the reader learns a great deal about Levertov, about modern poetry, and about art through the ages. *The Poet in the World* is thus a book that does much translating of its own. □

RECORDS / Richard Dyer

RACHMANINOFF. *The Complete Rachmaninoff*. Vols. 1-5. Sergei Rachmaninoff, piano. RCA Red Seal ARM 3-0260, ARM 3-0261, ARM 3-0294, ARM 3-0295, ARM 3-0296. $17.98 each three-disc set.

Journalism, by definition, tries to cope with the daily present; business has to look mostly to the future. Both are the uneasy allies of art, for each is at once patron and parasite. When he comes to make records, the performing artist, on the other hand, has to think about past, present and future—about the past worlds of the pieces he plays and their incursions into the world of today; about the present moment, getting the notes out in the right places and at the right times; about the future, making certain that things are done as fully as possible, so that the document of one moment can become a testament for other, distant moments.

Anniversaries are news, stretching arts columns away from their commitment to the current; knowing that, the arts businesses raid their pasts, hoping to make new money. Few results of this alliance between opportunity and opportunism have been as valuable as RCA Victor's decision last winter to reissue the fifteen records that comprise the complete performances of Sergei Rachmaninoff to coincide with his centennial. For Rachmaninoff thought his way through the past with genius, played with matchless workmanship and responsibility (he recorded even a familiar encore piece like the Mendelssohn *Spinning Song* twenty-one times before he felt he'd got it right). The results show us why we can sometimes suppose that art knows it all.

Rachmaninoff was a creature of coherent contradiction—a 20th-century composer who wrote "19th-century" music; a composer who thought he couldn't compose, but many of whose major works went into the standard repertory, and through it into the pops repertory on the other side; a composer who of reluctant necessity took up the career of itinerant virtuoso only when he was in his mid-40s and came to love it ("You see, I am like an old grisette. She is skinny and worn, but the urge to walk the streets is so strong that in spite of her years she goes out every night"); a man who, they say, no one in his audiences ever saw smile, yet who wrote that he laughed like a fool at a performance of *The Merry Widow*; a "romantic" musical sensibility directed by a fanatical "classical" discipline. (Abram Chasins writes of calling on Rachmaninoff one afternoon and standing for an hour at the door, unable to believe his ears as the pianist practiced Chopin's étude in thirds so slowly that it took the eavesdropper a while to recognize it "because so much time elapsed between each finger stroke and the next.")

And it was because of these contradictions that his performances encompassed so much. Consider his famous 1929 recording of Schumann's *Carnaval*. Rachmaninoff understood Florestan and Eusebius as interpenetrating aspects of one personality, not as separate, warring entities. The "Eusebius" piece is played *molto teneramente*, as demanded, but without languor: we hear the fiber and directness of Florestan sounding through; in the same way the succeeding "Florestan" is *passionato*, as it is supposed to be, but in the measures marked "(Papillon?)" we find the

SLEEPING WITH FAMILIARS

My lies become
good pets, admitted
and pampered
by an old lady upstairs
in me. She stirs
from her rocking only
to refill their bowl
with dust urged
from her breast.
Then she'll lace with
crushed glass the bits
of meat made
of the newborn
and tossed at midnight
to the neighbors' beasts
—these she despises
for their size and ominous
good health.

Nightly
she reviews the subtle
bodies of her own and admires
their perfect grace as her
fingers curl and close
in the painful dark
that keeps her
as she would be kept.

She pulls the shades,
I close my eyes. We sleep,
giving the house entirely
to things that purr
and settle for the warmth
of our still body
and our breath.

William Pitt Root

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curve and warmth we associate with his alter ego. And in the vigorous rhythmic thrust, the carefully judged accelerando and crescendo right through to the end, of the final *Marche des "Davidsbündler" contre les Philistins*, a wonderful conclusion to the reconnaissance of the whole piece, we hear how fully Rachmaninoff could enact his own belief that

> each piece . . . is shaped around its culminating point: the whole mass of sounds must be so measured, the depth and power of each sound must be given with such purity and gradation that this peak point is achieved with an appearance of the greatest naturalness, though actually its accomplishment is the highest art. This moment must arrive with the sound and sparkle of a ribbon snapped at the end of a race—it must seem a liberation from the last material obstacle, the last barrier between truth and its expression.

This recording, like those of the four concertos, the *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini*, the Chopin B-flat minor sonata, has never been out of the catalogue for long. I've known these discs most of my life, and I find I have almost nothing to say about them—for me they simply document the way the music goes.

No less remarkable, though, are the unfamiliar items in these sets. Most of them are short works, the kind we call "encore pieces" because present-day pianists, apparently fearing to be thought trivial, play them only after the real business of the evening is over. But there is nothing trivial about the perfection of accomplishment on these records. Technical perfection of course—double-notes (Henselt's *Si oiseau j'étais*), repeated notes (Liszt's *Second Hungarian Rhapsody*, with a long cadenza by Rachmaninoff that slithers the *friska* theme up and down the chromatic degrees of the scale), scales and arpeggios (the Chopin waltzes *passim*), finger-passages (Mendelssohn's *Spinning Song* or the dazzling transcription of *The Flight of the Bumblebee*), chords (Rachmaninoff's G-minor prelude), octaves (the Chopin B-flat minor scherzo), everything happening at once (the Strauss-Tausig *Man lebt nur einmal*, a mega-waltz transcription)—all of this conveyed through a tone that is large and varied, never forced or flinty or skimmed, and propelled by a rhythmic sense that is usually called "infallible." That doesn't necessarily mean "metronomic"—though it is tremendously exciting to hear Rachmaninoff plough into a difficult section without getting set or braking around the obstacle—for there is a great deal that is rhythmically audacious in Rachmaninoff's playing. But the variety, the liberties, always occur within an ongoing pulse that *is* infallible; *rubato* means "time stolen," and Rachmaninoff, unlike most of his contemporaries (and ours), always paid it back.

All of this, most importantly, was always in the service of something that makes musical sense; sometimes the listener argues, but he is arguing against reason. The technical feats do call attention to themselves (that's the point of a technical feat), but they also illuminate facts about the music.

Some new favorites: Rachmaninoff's playing of his cousin Alexander Siloti's transcription of Saint-Saëns' *The*

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STARTING OVER

All day the geese fly south
in their old departures

nights when you sleep
among the dead
your hair keeps growing
out of your skin

nothing is casual
sometimes
you feel like swimming away
inside yourself
as if the time and place
already converged

if you go forward long enough
you'll come around
to the back door

the world is full of chances
to miss
even if the key fits
you mustn't go in

this is where you
begin

Shirley Kaufman

Swan, the melody exquisitely molded in a line always firm yet always pliant, makes you forget that the piano is not a sustaining instrument—no cellist ever played it this well. (I thought of Stark Young's dedication in *Immortal Shadows*, which says of Doris Keane: "She was as it were all music and security of outline, like a swan on water, and something we long to believe can never cease.") Or the Rubinstein transcription of the march from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens* in which the rhythm *is* infallible, and the prolonged crescendo and diminuendo that describes the arch of the piece is judged so precisely that it does in fact sound as if the music were approaching us from afar, passing by, then heard again in the distance. Or Sgambati's transcription of a melody from the second act of Gluck's *Orfeo*—three levels of sound (the bass notes, the pulsing accompaniment figure in the middle, the melody serenely curving on top) simultaneously floating out to the realms of the blessed spirits.

There are a few recordings that were never released, though they had Rachmaninoff's approval, and not all of them are in every way convincing—especially two big pieces of Chopin, the B-flat minor scherzo which just goes too fast, incorporating peculiar rhythmic distortions along the way, and the A-flat ballade, full of ravishing detail, but so rushed at the end that you can't really tell where the climax is.

We can regret details in some readings while admiring the whole; we can argue entire conceptions while appreciating the supporting details. We can deplore the short running time of the original 78 rpms, which meant that some pieces were subjected to damaging cuts; we can especially regret that there are not even more recordings—Victor missed a lot of opportunities to preserve Rachmaninoff's performances of major pieces; and we can be sorry that Rachmaninoff lived in a time before the piano could be recorded very realistically. Victor has done admirable restoration work (despite a few selections which, on my turntable at least, don't come out quite in the right key), but some of these performances sound as though they are coming in over the telephone.

However, there isn't a single band on these fifteen records that doesn't probe into the mysteries of music, that doesn't make us marvel again that what one man did when he was seated at a stringed box with eighty-eight keys, making complex decisions about simple things like speed, pulse, weight and volume, has turned out to be another of those curious tools we have for finding the truth. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Claude Chabrol's *Wedding in Blood* is a dumb sort of movie. Not that the director is stupid; on the contrary, I suspect that he has fallen prey to the hyper-sophisticated ennui of deciding that life really is a soap opera, that truth resides in the cliché.

Thus Pierre (Michel Piccoli) and Lucienne (Stéphane Audran) are victims of extreme sexual frustration, he because his wife is an invalid subsisting on chicken broth, and she because her husband is a rising politician, subsisting on votes and the prospects of graft. When they meet, an electric charge is seen to pass between them, and within moments they are uttering fox-like barks, tearing at each other's clothing and mouthing each other with lips contorted in agonized ecstasy. Since they are of mature age—late 30s, early 40s—this conduct seems deficient in finesse, even granting the forced abstinence, and it continues long after their affair is nicely established on a two or three times a week basis. How, given such preliminaries, these two manage a satisfactory consummation I cannot imagine, and fortunately the film does not demonstrate.

Further, though they are prominent citizens of the small and allegedly gossip-ridden city of Valençay (very beautiful), they conduct themselves with reckless imprudence. They trot back and forth through the streets in the early morning hours, they couple behind perilously thin shrubbery, they even get themselves locked into the local monument, Talleyrand's chateau, there to cavort on beds of historic interest. They must light a lot of candles to the patron saint of adulterers.

But Pierre finds his wife a depressing encumbrance, as well he might since her only conversation is to commiserate with him over his drab home life. One evening she remarks that the "drops" he has prepared for her taste peculiarly bitter and to my not great surprise she is found dead in the morning. This passes off all right, but then Lucienne's husband (Claude Pieplu) discovers the liaison and, in a performance of incredible buffoonery involving much spastic strutting and cigarette play, confers his blessings on the arrangement—provided that Pierre, who is the deputy mayor, support a land grab that is in train. This offends Lucienne's feminine delicacy and Pierre's civic morality, so a road mishap enhanced by two jerry cans of gasoline is staged and both lovers are conveniently bereaved.

This too goes unremarked (for a town said to be avid for scandal, Valençay is curiously unobservant), but Lucienne's adolescent daughter by an earlier indiscretion has tumbled to the truth, fears that all will be revealed and, saying that she wanted her mother to be "happy at last," writes the police a letter demanding that the facts of the accident be uncovered and Lucienne's name cleared. If it weren't for the fact that everyone in the film behaves as idiotically as possible, I would suspect this young lady of being a serpent child. The story ends with Pierre and Lucienne in the paddy wagon, their manacled hands enlaced.

The film carries a preface from Aeschylus reminding us that mere mortals cannot presume to assign guilt. That accords with Chabrol's well-known refusal to take moral stands, a position that has made some of his earlier films seem heartless. *Wedding in Blood* carries this to the extreme of being brainless. It is utterly unrewarding to get oneself involved in the antics of people who are dominated exclusively by an insatiable need to copulate, and who go about it with a joylessness that would demean cattle. □

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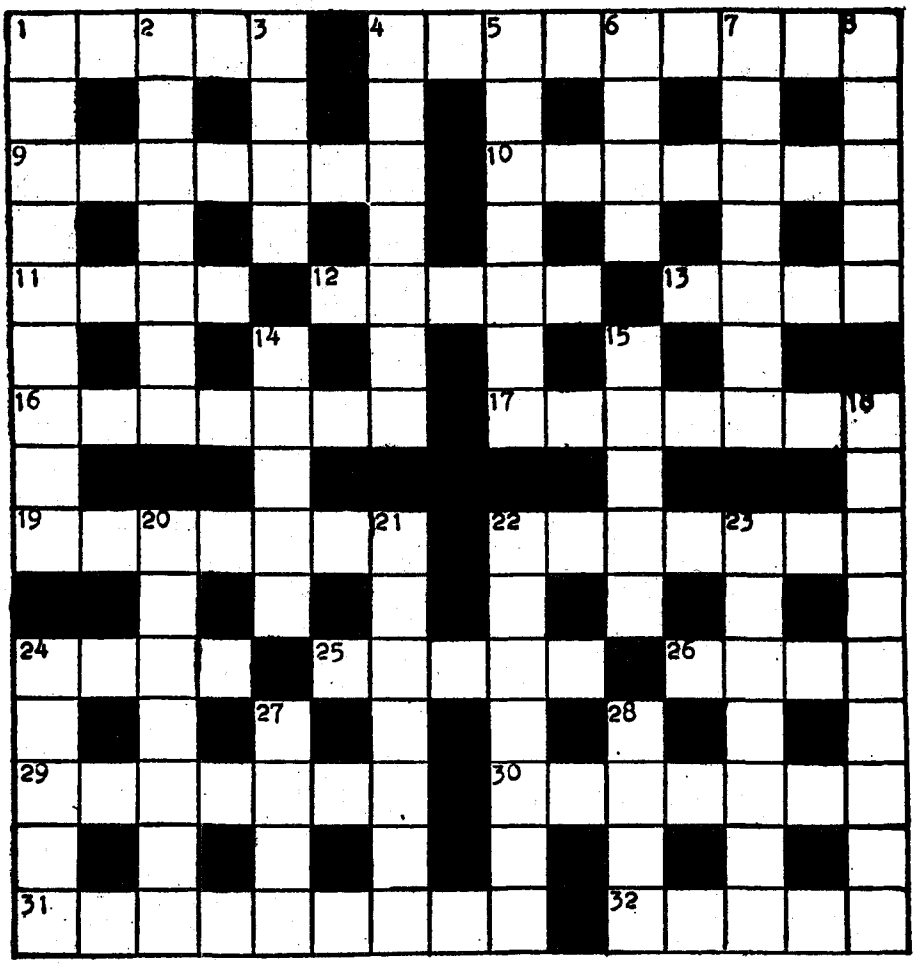
Crossword Puzzle No. 1543

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 12 Lewis character, alias Fletcher? (10)
4 Reconstruction-associated vehicle with a sack for carrying Fido. (6-3)
9 Change for foreign money made by 10. (7)
10 Parties arranged, but you'll have to walk around quite a bit! (7)
11 Does it enable one to look for the rainbow. (4)
12 See 1 across.
13 and 16 Spinal anesthetics no longer fashionable? (4,7)
17 Turn aside. (7)
19 and 25 If recent, ever-changing diagnosis of typhoid. (7,5)
22 Does one have to vote for the winning candidate? (7)
24 Shed for rent? (4)
25 See 19 across.
26 and 14 down The sound of refrains created by those who went before us? (9)
29 They might the crime center, a different solution being wanted. (7)
30 The tuatara is one. (7)
31 What one might like to look through, but not over. (3,6)
32 A product of trees that suggests what one might do to alarm. (5)

DOWN

1 I can, in a way, keep fruit around because of the refrigerator, perhaps. (9)
2 Is obviously in the domain of precision of detail. (7)
3 They didn't want prohibition to come up with such a hodge-podge! (4)
4 Yellows, possibly. (7)
5 Turned (in more than one way) to trade! (7)
6 One of the things we didn't always like at school previously in the early hours? (4)
7 Sounds like the way some people travel isn't all that common! (7)
8 and 20 Attic dwellers considered it no laughing matter. (5,7)
14 See 26 across.
15 Following a more stern position? (5)
18 In the yard there is something that could give steady support. (5,4)
20 See 8 down.
21 What you might believe at the inside is just made up. (7)
22 If you don't believe it, lift one! (7)
23 A couple of things you might find boring, and not worth much nowadays. (3-4)
24 Is this your regular beat, perhaps? (5)
27 You may at various times have asked people to call you one. (4)
28 You might use it instead of a paint box, perhaps. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1542

ACROSS: 1 Expatriate; 10 Expiate; 11 Raiment; 12 Die-hards; 13 Ixion; 15 Noses; 17 Elephants; 19 Organ stop; 21 Dogma; 23 Death; 24 Cut it out; 27 Insulin; 28 Amateur; 29 Erse; 30 Government. DOWN: 1 and 25 Eyestrain; 2 Poppies; 3 Trash; 4 In earnest; 5 and 6 Turnstile; 7 Iberian; 8 Eat one's hat; 9 Finished; 14 Any old time; 16 Sinkhole; 18 Expatiate; 20 Glasses; 22 Gruyere; 24 Congo; 26 Trot.

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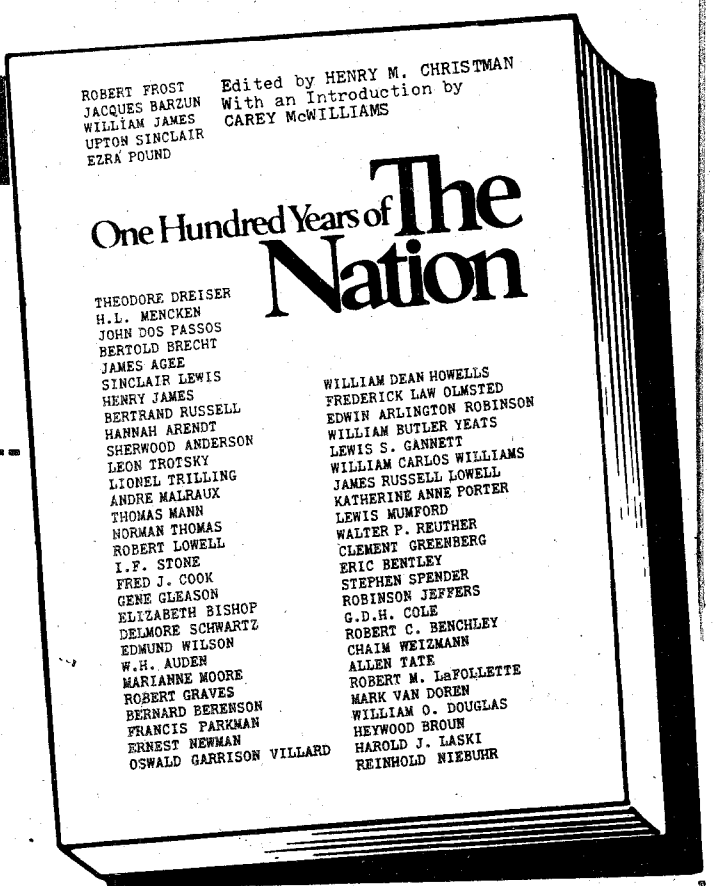

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